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THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH  
**PREFACES,**

**HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,**

BY  
**ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.**



**VOL. XXVIII.**

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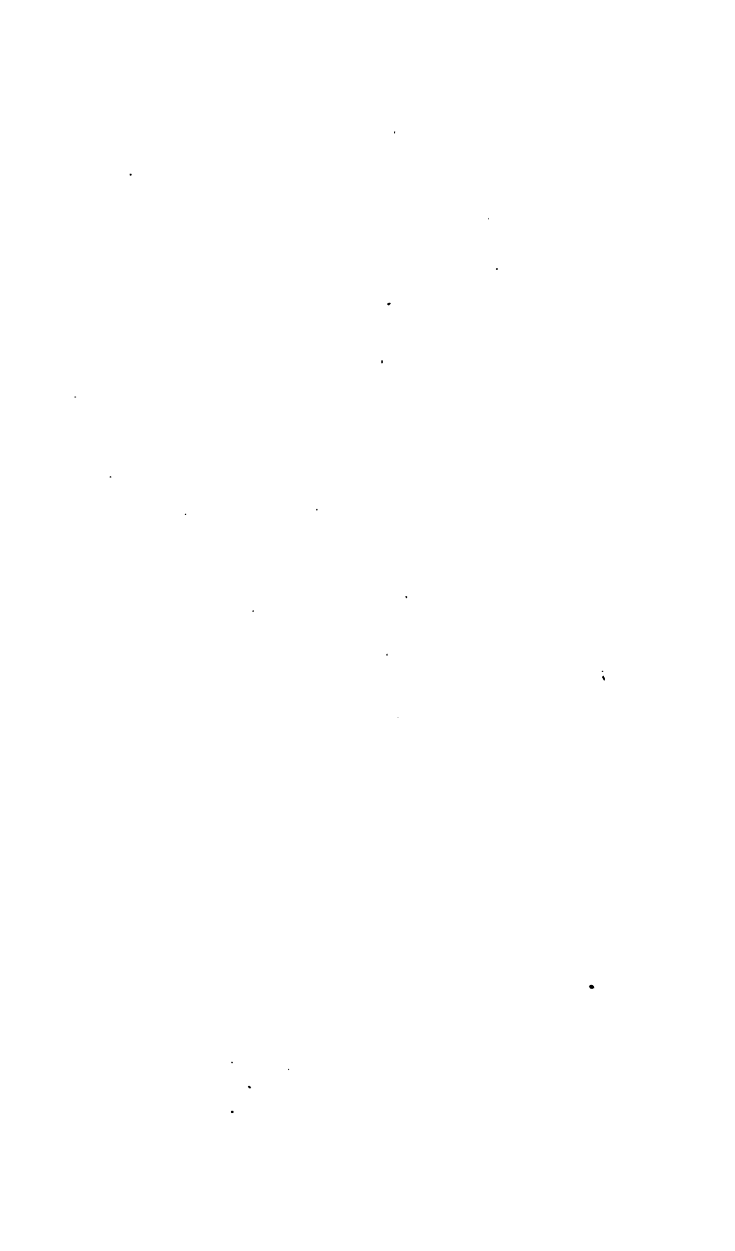
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*Gift of the  
Giddens Family  
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# THE W O R L D.

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No. 105. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

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As I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow affectation and abuse of their persons to reflect ~~empt~~ and ridicule upon their understandings.

Artless beauty has long been the peculiar action of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful nature mocked all their

But I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to their poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and making themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of an excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, that he lately

prepared the colour may be, or however hand that lays it on, it is immediately felt by the eye at a considerable distance, and the nose upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day at the coffee-house captain M'Manus complaining, that when warmed to the face it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus offensive to three of the senses, it is probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Discussing upon this subject lately with a friend, he told me that in his opinion, a woman who painted her face, gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by enclosing it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But I confess I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the consequences; which are, I conceive, in general, that they lose both *operam et meritum*. I have observed that many of the sagacious lords of this great metropolis who let lodgings, at the beginning of the winter new-camp, paint and stucco the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eyes of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But I am sure! those outward repairs will never tempt people to *inquire within*. The cases are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preserve, in the latter they disgust and destroy.

In order therefore to put an effectual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native ornaments, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow-subjects, I hereby give notice, that if after one calendar month from the date hereof (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand) I shall receive any authentic testimonies (and I have my spies abroad) of this

sophistication and adulteration of the fairest w of nature, I am resolved to publish at full length names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at sight seem a bold measure; and actions of sca and defamation may be thought of: but I go u safe ground; for before I took this resolution, I determined to know all the worst possible co quences of it to myself, and therefore consulted of the most eminent counsel in England, an old quaintance and friend of mine, whose opinion I s here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly was able, he stroked his chin for some time, pic his nose, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me very best opinion. ‘By publishing the name full length in your paper, I humbly conceive,’ he, ‘that you avoid all the troublesome consequence of *innuendoes*. But the present question, if I ap hend it aright, seems to be, whether you may th by be liable to any other action, or actions, wh for brevity sake, I will not here enumerate. I by what occurs to me off-hand, and without con ing my books, I humbly apprehend that no ac will lie against you; but on the contrary I do ceive, and indeed take upon me to affirm, that may proceed against these criminals, for such I be bold to call them, either by action or inc ment: the crime being of a public and a hein nature. Here it is not only the *suppressio* : which is highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, would certainly lie; however I should certainly prefer an indictment u the statutes of forgery, 2 Geo. II. chap. 25. as Geo. II. chap. 22.; for forgery, I maintain it, i The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a j of whom one moiety will doubtless be plasterers that it will unquestionably be found.’ Here



used for some time, and hemmed pretty  
 never I remained silent, observing plainly  
 nteuance that he had not finished, but was  
 1. In a little time he resumed his dis-  
 said, ' All things considered, Mr. Fitz-  
 ould advise you to bring your indictment  
*ack Act*, 9 Geo. I. chap. 22. which is a very  
 statute.' I confess I could not check the  
 pulse of surprize which this occasioned in  
 interrupting him perhaps too hastily,  
 ' said I, ' indict a woman upon the *Black*  
*ning White* ?' Here my counsel inter-  
 e in his turn, said with some warmth,  
 Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many  
 e not sufficiently considered all the beau-  
 ise, and solid reasoning of the law. 'The  
 me tell you, abhors all refinements, sub-  
 quibblings upon words. What is black  
 the law ? Do you imagine that the law  
 s by the rule of optics ? No, God forbid  
 The law makes black white, or white  
 rding to the rules of justice. 'The law  
 e meaning, the intention, the *quo animo*  
 ns, not their external modes. Here a  
 uises her face with white, as the Waltham  
 with black, and with the same fraudulent  
 is intention. Though the colour be dif-  
 uilt is the same in the intendment of the  
 elony without benefit of clergy, and the  
 is death.' As I perceived that my  
 now done, I asked his pardon for the  
 terruption I had given him, 'owned my-  
 ed, and offered him a fee, which he took  
 it soon returned, by reflection upon our  
 stance, and friendship.  
 oe will be sufficient to make such of my  
 -women as are conscious of their guilt,

ay tend to the advancement of a science, which is  
w become so fashionable, popular, and flourish-  
g.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

As all sorts of persons are at this present juncture desirous of becoming speakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwise, have been totally ungrounded in the first principles and rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment selected such particulars as may most immediately, and without such rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that science, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to speak in public in so compleat a manner, that neither they nor their audience shall discover the want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like those who correspond with the daily papers, in order to puff off by expeditious method by referring you to the many persons of quality, whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours: I chuse openly and fairly to submit my plan to your inspection, which will shew you that I teach rather how to handle antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut with a syllogism, and whom to overwhelm with the sorites; whom to ensnare with the crocodile, and whom to per in the horns of the dilemma. Against the pert, young, bold assertor, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the most decisive argument that can be used in a populous assembly. If, for instance, a forward talker should advance that such an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to silence and shame, by saying, that Aristotle has commended him. If the dispute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be

inelegant, and never used by any author of cred you confound him by telling him it is in Aristophanes; and you need not discover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorentiam* (which appears to be of the least use, because it is only to be employed against a *modest man*) let us suppose a person speaking with diffidence of some transaction on the continent: you may ask him with a sneer Pray, sir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American islands, you may assert he can know nothing of the affairs of that island *for you were born there*; and to prove his ignorance ask him *what latitude it is in*.

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occasions for using my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotism, will give you great advantage in pressing them with consequences drawn from their supposed principles. You may also take away the force of a man's argument by concluding from some equivocal expression, that he is a jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodist, a freethinker, or a jew. You may fling at his country, or profession: if he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great use at the bar in examining witnesses, if the lawyers would not think it inconsistent with the dignity and politeness of their profession.

By this sketch of my plan, you may see that my pupils may most properly be said to study men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of discovering the different strength of their competitors, so as to know when to answer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely

row out of my system the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, 'is the using of proofs drawn from any of the foundations of knowledge,' there will be nothing in my academy that will have the least appearance of a school, and of consequence nothing to make a gentleman either proud or ashamed of attending it.

Inquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-house.

As the foregoing letter so fully explains itself, I will take no other notice of it; but in complaisance to my correspondent, shall throw together a few loose observations on our present numerous societies for the propagation of eloquence. And here cannot but please myself with the reflection, that dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which those who cannot *study* may learn arts and sciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to those who cannot *read*.

These foundations are instituted in the very spirit of Lycurgus, who discountenanced all written laws, and established in their stead a system of poetry called RHETRA, from its being spoken, which was ordered to be the daily subject of discourse, and maintained mixed assemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the conversation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants neither write nor read, the charitable care of the considerate people has provided a method of compensating the want of those arts, and even the want of the press, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a stool in every coffee-house, to supply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkish quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the rest of the creation, we may consider eloquence

as the talent which gives him the most distinguished pre-eminence over his own species: and yet Juvenal makes no scruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero, to have been a mere poet-taster, and for Demosthenes to have worked under his father as a blacksmith, than to have frequented the schools of rhetoric.

*Diis ille adversis genitus fatusque sinistro,  
Quem pater, ardentis massæ fuligine lippus,  
A fornace et forcipibus, gladiosque parante  
Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora misit.*

I am glad to find that our blacksmiths and other artisans have a nobler way of thinking, and the spirit to do for themselves what the father of Demosthenes did for him. And I see this with the greater pleasure, as I hope I may consider the seminaries which are daily instituted as rising up in support of truth, virtue and religion, against the libels of the press. It is not to be doubted but that we are safe on the side of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witnesses such shameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it should ever be objected that the frequency of such assemblies may possibly in time, produce sophistry, quibbling, immorality and scepticism, because this was the case at Athens so famous for its numerous schools of philosophy where, as Milton says,

*Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry ;  
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to GOD give none :  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate :—*

I answer, that these false doctrines of God and soul were thus bandied about by a parcel of Athenians, blind and ignorant at best, but for the gr

the most useless, idle and profligate members of the state ; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of sober senses, and profitable professions, will run after sophists, to waste their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverseness of human nature is strange and unaccountable, if I should see these modern schools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertinism, I hereby give notice that I shall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithstanding all my prepossessions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the keen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myself obliged, from the impartiality I observe to all my correspondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever disagreeable to established professions, I am so incensed against some late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my displeasure *ex cathedra*, I now apply to you for a more extensive proclamation of my resentment.

I have been for many years an ORATOR of the GIGITINEBANT ; and from my earliest youth bred under the auspices of Apollo, to those two moved arts of that deity, PHYSIC, and ELOQUENCE : unlike these pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but also a most manifest want of generosity ; a virtue, which our professors have never boasted. Universal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raise no poll-tax on our hearers : our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealousy of these mercenary spirits : my audi-

enees have only been led aside by novelty; the will soon grow weary of such extortioners, and return to the old stage. But the misfortune is, that these innovations have turned the head of a most necessary servant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew: and I must confess it gives me a real uneasiness, when one of his wit and j talks of setting up against me.

*Yours,*

CIRCUMFORANEUS

No. 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

— *Quicquid Gracia mendax  
Audet in historiâ* —

JUV.

As the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing history, and as it is to be presumed we shall be as ready to ape them in this as in all other fashions; I shall lay before the public a loose sketch of such rules as I have been at hastily to throw together for present use, till so great and distinguished critic may have leisure to collect his ideas, and publish a more complete and regular system of the modern art of writing history.

For the sake of brevity I shall enter at once upon my subject, and address my instruction to the future historian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your history, in which you will have a right to say whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your history may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpose may claim a place in it because it is a preface. It will be sufficient therefore if I give you only a hint upon the occasion.

which if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will stand you in great stead.

Be sure you seize every opportunity of introducing the most extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of discovering that you have *only* heard of them. The safest way will be to keep to the old custom of abusing all other historians, and vilifying them in comparison of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modesty, by avoiding every insinuation that may set him an inch above yourself.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be necessary to divest yourself entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice, may perhaps cost you some pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themselves to thwart your design of writing an entertaining history in the modern taste.

The next thing is to find out some shrewd reason for rejecting all such authentic papers as are come to light since the period you are writing of was last considered; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make use of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a censure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the history of Charles the Twelfth, by his most illustrious patron, who is himself an historian, *Plus beau que la vérité*.

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, 'that history void of truth, is an empty shadow.' But the motto of this paper may serve to convict that dogmatist of singularity, by shewing that his own countrymen disavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb.



Though we may allow truth to the first historian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth must gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the same period ; or else the last hand would be absolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by substituting the word WIT in the place of TRUTH ; but as all writers are not blessed with a ready store of wit, it may be necessary to lay down some other rules for the compiling of history, in which it is expedient that we avail ourselves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made use of, to surprise, charm, sadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no such thing as absolute novelty ; therefore the only method to be taken in such cases, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the side of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes and the obstinate republicans ; and you will have many instances to shew how wantonly whole seas of blood have been shed for the sake of those two infatuating sounds, LIBERTY, and RELIGION. It was a lucky hit of an English biographer that of writing the vindication and panegyric Richard the third : and I would advise you to attempt something of the same nature. For instance. You may undertake to shew the unreasonableness of the high opinion of queen Elizabeth, and our false notions of the happiness of her government. For to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to observe ; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view ; and never allow to any great personage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or are conscious of not possessing.

or a notorious disregard for. You may question the moral character of Socrates, the chastity of Lucretia, the constancy of the martyrs, the piety and sincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of king William ; and you need never fear the finding authorities to support you in any detraction, among the writers of anecdotes ; since Dion Cassius, a grave historian, has confidently asserted that Cicero prostituted his life, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed incest with his daughter, and lived in adultery with his mistress.

I come next to ornaments ; under which head I consider sentences, prodigies, digressions, and descriptions. On the two first I shall not detain you, it will be sufficient to recommend a free use of them, and to be new, if you can. Of digressions you may make the greatest use, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to swell your history to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo (suppose, for example, it were the story of Alexander) you may enter into an inquiry what that adventurer would have done, if he had been poisoned ; whether his conquests, or Kouly's, were the most extraordinary : what would have been the consequence of his marching westward ; and whether he would have beat the duke of Burgundy. You may also introduce in this place a dissertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortification. In descriptions, you must not be sparing, but set out every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the most bloody, your sieges the most obstinate, your castles the most impregnable, your commanders the most consuming, and their soldiers the most intrepid. In describing a sea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the most numerous, and their ships the largest that ever

were known. Do not scruple to burn all ships, and turn their crews half-scorched sea; there let them survive a while by swim that you may have an opportunity of jamming in between their own and the enemy's vessels: and when you have gone through the dreadful distress of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ship, and scattering officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the sacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruellest manner, and in the most sacred retreats. Devise some ingenious insults on the modesty of matrons. Ravish a great number of virgins, and that they are all in the height of beauty and perfection of innocence. When you have fired all the houses and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exercise all manner of barbarity on the dead dodies. And that you extend the scene of misery, let some escape, but naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of shoes; harden the hearts of the peasants against them, and arm the elements with unrelenting rigour for their persecution: drench them with rain, benumb them with frost, and terrify them with thunder and lightning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occasion to send messengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or scrupulous in your treatment of them. You may stop them at rivers, drown all their servants and horses: infest them with fleas, lice, and musquitoes, and when they have been eaten sufficiently with these vermin, you may starve them to a desire of eating one another; if you think it will be an ornament to your history to cast the lots, and set them to dinner. If you do this, you must take care that the sachem to whom they are sent, does not treat

n's flesh; because it will be no novelty: I rather advise you to alter the bill of fare to phant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The and his court will of course be drinking out of skulls; but what sort of liquor you must fill with, to surprize an European, I must own I conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and customs, you may make a long chapter of conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and titutions; which will give you a fair opportunity of saying something smart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot be too long; it is a pleasing subject, and always, in all the countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occasion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your messengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the business they are upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeness in offering to them the choice of all the duties of his court; by which you will make amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promise you much success in the speeches to the savages, unless it were possible to hit upon bolder figures and metaphors than those which have been so frequently used. In the speeches of a civilized people, insert whatever may serve to display your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let the speaker's low extraction be a restraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of John Tyler, a quotation from the classics should be in place, or in a speech of Muley Moluch a quotation from Mr. Locke, let no consideration detract from your history of such ornaments.

To conclude, I would advise you in general not to be sparing of your speeches, either in number or length; and if you also take care to add a proper

quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reasoning societies, and other talkative assemblies of this eloquent metropolis.

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No. 108. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

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*Hoc est Romæ decedere? Quos ego homines effugi, cum in hos incidit!*  
CICERO ad ATTICUM.

I HAVE generally observed when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked him is, ‘Are you in a good neighbourhood?’ From the frequency of this inquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happiness of a country life was generally understood to result from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the answer commonly made to this question, will be of a contrary opinion. Ask it of a lady, and you will be sure to hear her exclaim, ‘Thank God! we have no neighbours!’ which may serve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in supposing that a woman of fashion can endure the insipid conversation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune considers every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his sport, and quarrels with him for losing that game, with which his very servants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of consequence more averse to him, as being in perpetual contest with him as a rival. His sense of a superior may be learnt from those repeated advertisements, which every body must have observed in public papers, recommending a house upon sale, being ten miles distant from a lord. The husband hides himself from his neighbour; &

nce despises him ; the modest man is afraid of  
and the penurious considers a length of unin-  
fen as the best security for his beef and

If we trace this spirit to its source, we shall find  
o proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly  
m the high opinion that men are apt to entertain  
their own little clans or societies, which the liv-  
in large cities tends greatly to increase, and  
ich is always accompanied with a contempt for  
se who happen to be strangers to such societies,  
l consequently, a general prejudice against the  
KNOWN. The truth of the matter is, that per-  
s UNKNOWN are, for that very reason, persons  
t we have no desire to KNOW.

A man of a sociable disposition, upon coming  
o an inn, inquires of the landlord what com-  
y he has in the house : the landlord tells him,  
'here is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant of a  
a of war, a lawyer, a merchant, and the captain  
quarters ;' to which he never fails to add, ' and  
are say, sir, that any of them will be very glad  
your company ;' knowing that men drink more  
ether than when alone. ' Have you nobody  
?' says the guest sullenly. ' We have nobody  
sir.' ' Then get me my supper as fast as you  
, and I'll go to bed.' The same behaviour is  
ed by each of these gentlemen in his turn ;  
ior no other reason, than that none of the com-  
y happens to be either of his profession or ac-  
ntance.

if we look with the least degree of wonder at  
anner in which the greatest part of mankind  
ave to strangers, it should astonish us to see  
y they treat those whom they are intimately ac-  
nted with, and whom they rank under the sa-  
a titles of neighbours and friends. Yet such is

the malignity of human nature; that the small foible, the most venial inadvertency, or the slight infirmity, shall generally occasion contempt, hatred or ridicule, in those very persons who ought to be the foremost to conceal or palliate such failings. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, instead of exciting compassion, are only considered as the resources of amusement to a neighbourhood. . . . any disgrace befall a family? The tongues and lips of all their acquaintance are instantly employed to disperse it through the kingdom. Nor is their solicitude in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are sure to ascribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But these are slight instances of malevolence; your true neighbour's spleen is never effectually roused but by prosperity. An unexpected succession to a large fortune; the discovery of a mine upon your estate; a prize in the lottery; but none of all, a fortunate marriage, shall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find the prettiest conceits imaginable, to serve her purposes: yet it is observable, that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the great arts, she pronounces at once that you have taste; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or splendor, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world, who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable, than they really are: but on the other hand, were they to take equal care

th appearances, they would not be able ab-  
to escape her rancour.

entertained last summer by a friend in the  
who seemed to have formed very just  
a neighbourhood. This gentlemen had a  
able estate left him, which he had little  
expect; and having no particular passion  
r, it was indifferent to him how he disposed  
ge addition to his income. He had no  
popularity, but had a very great dislike to  
ne; which made him altogether as anxious  
himself from detraction, as others are to  
applause. Some weeks passed away in  
mon dilemma into which an increase of  
brows every thinking man, who knows that  
ling up he must become the aversion, and  
dering the contempt of all his neighbours.  
iking the appearance of parsimony more  
ravagancy, he proposed laying out a consi-  
sum all at once, upon rebuilding his house:  
design was soon over-ruled by the consi-  
that it would be said he had destroyed a  
venient mansion, for the sake of erecting a  
outside. He next determined to new-model  
ns, from an opinion that he should oblige  
of people, by affording bread to the indus-  
nd pleasant walks to the idle: but recol-  
that in the natural beauties of his grounds  
great advantages over the old gardens of his  
urs, and from thence knowing that he must  
the object of their spleen and abuse, he  
he also that invidious design: In the same  
he was obliged to reject every proposal of  
t, that might in any way be considered as a  
nt of superiority; therefore, to avoid the  
re of penuriousness, he resolved at last  
13 best cook that could be had for me-



ney. From that time he has taken no thought to equip himself and his attendants in the plain manner, keeping religiously to the sole expence of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally house-keeper to her late husband, takes occasion frequently to declare, she does not care to dine with him, because the dishes are so served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly than by sketching out the characters of what are called GOOD and BAD NEIGHBOURS.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR is one, who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to the service of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, to dance, drink, or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles and misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening the family or another.

A BAD NEIGHBOUR is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with business or tired with crowds; who from a punctilio in good breeding, does not shew himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of a love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family, procures him the character reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours

explain away the malicious part of a tale that is contradictory and disagreeable. Thus he is telling every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face. He suspects himself of the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of the proper employment of time. 'To advise the ignorant, to relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of manifesting the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting angry, and rectifying the prejudiced: which are of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who busy himself in them with discretion.'

I have always considered the ninety-third Spectator whence the foregoing passage is taken, as a valuable lesson of that eminent moralist; and use a due observance of the excellent plan of which he has there delineated, can never fail to make men HAPPY and GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

No. 109. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are distant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to spend some days with us last summer in the country. We took the usual methods to make their time pass agreeably; car-

ried them to all the Gothic and Chin the neighbourhood; and embraced all of ties of procuring venison, fish, and game for which last, by the way, it has been no easy to come in for since the association.

At their leaving us, they were so obliging say, their visit had gone off very pleasantly hoped we would return it, by coming to see in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing gy, the evenings long, and this invitation running our heads, we resolved to accept it: and arrived in town about the middle of November having fixed ourselves in lodgings near our friends, in going to breakfast, dine and sup with them, for most part, during our stay in town. But will believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were surprised in all our lives, than at receiving a the morning after our arrival (which I think the 18th of November) from the lady of the we came to visit, inviting us to play at her on the 28th of next March. We first that it must be a mistake for the 26 vember; but upon consulting our landlady, formed us that such invitations were very usual that, as we were well acquainted with the fact the lady had probably appointed the first day was disengaged.

As my wife and I seldom play at cards, even at Christmas, we thought it scarce worth our to wait for a game till almost Whitsuntide therefore very prudently set out the next day the country; from whence I believe we shall no great haste to pay a second visit to our friends in town.

I am, Sir,

*Your very humble servant,*  
HUMPHRY G.

FITZ-FDAM,

so much in the world, and so entirely for  
l, that the very name of your Paper se-  
for one of your constant readers. But  
your periodical *WORLD* continues to con-  
: *beau monde* as much as it has done in  
ree essays relating to us women, I shall  
ir sentiments fitter for the man of the  
in the man of the *WORLD*.

while ago you were pleased to be ex-  
et of humour at the nakedness of our  
d now in your paper N° 105, you are  
fended at our covering our faces. What

man you are ! I apprehend, sir, that a  
ntity of nakedness has always been al-

I know of no law that confines it to  
uar part of our persons. If therefore we  
cco over our faces, you ought in reason  
is to exhibit a little more of our necks  
lers.

acious majesty, queen Elizabeth, conscious  
complexion, and fearing that a brown  
gh right royal, might excite less admira-  
the undignified alabaster of the meanest  
jects, chose that they should conceal what  
ld not equal, under innumerable folds of  
paint : a piece of envious cruelty, which  
anding your sex have been pleased to ce-  
r as the guardian of English liberty) must

dear to ours little better than a tyrant,  
imprisoned so much British beauty in a  
where not the smallest spark of light could  
upon any part of it. The face indeed was  
sible by that envious queen, which is at  
most the only part of our attractions that  
thought proper to cover. You ought  
to consider, when you find fault with our  
EVIL.

open necks, that our faces are plastered over; and instead of complaints against our covered faces, you should rest satisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other discoveries.

I am, SIR,

*Your true friend, and faithful counsellor,*

FARDILLA.

SIR,

I have with great seriousness and attention read over the WORLD of the 2d of this month, which shews me my complexion in so very different a light from that in which my looking-glass has represented it, that I should instantly lay aside the roses and lilies I have purchased, and content myself with the skin wherewith nature has thought to cover me, if it were not for a very material consideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman, whose fortune above any hopes I could have conceived, while in my natural sallowness; and who I find has been principally attracted by the splendor of my complexion. But you may depend on my resigning all after the first month of my marriage. You are not surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so cruel as to deny a bride the happiness of the honey-moon: by that time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair: if not, a change of complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by ancient canons, or the late marriage act; so you know, sir, his approbation is of no great consequence to

*Your constant reader,*

MATILDA.

SIR,

To persuade your sex that black is white has been the darling wish and constant endeavour of

ours: but we have never succeeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprized that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power, as that you should wish to do it.

Have not the sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient colours, which fade almost as fast as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal spring of beauty is surely the peculiar blessing of the present age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, since his wife after five or six hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal-day. Time is the greatest enemy to the pleasures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can battle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his most cruel tyranny!

I suppose your next attack will be upon the new lustre that our necks have acquired by the same art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whitest necks had such an odious clearness in their skins, that you might almost see the blood circulate through their veins; an amusing spectacle indeed for a philosopher, and such perhaps as might give doctor Harvey the first hint of the discoveries he afterwards made: but surely it could be no very agreeable sight to a person of any delicacy, when compared with the present resplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good flesh

and blood is a phrase very well suited to a maid ; but I fancy a woman of fashion would chuse to excite sublimer ideas : and indeed our sex can never so properly assume the title of goddesses, as now that we have laid aside so much of the rustic appearance of mere mortal women.

I am, Sir,

*Your humble servant,*

BELINDA

SIR,

I like the intention of your paper upon face painting so well, that I shall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that nature has bestowed upon me (which you must know is olive) if you can persuade others to do the same. But who could bear to be the shade to an : more dazzling bright with borrowed lilies, to look like a corner of the moon in an eclipse? Indeed it is possible for me to bring myself to such an exertion. An olive is a good sort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty ; the title which we women universally long ; while that wit is only the last resource of our vanity, which nature or age denies us all pretensions to other.

Go on and prosper, Mr. Fitz-Adam ; reduce me again to our natural colour ; and you shall find I will not be the last, though I cannot bear to be the first that shall comply.

*Your most devoted,*

OLIVIA BLANCH

. 110. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

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—*Uno avulso non deficit alter  
ureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.* VIRG.

UGH I have studied the ways of men with the application for many years, I must ingenu-  
confess my inability to dive into the secrets of  
articular society, the members of which, by  
superior capacities, have hitherto enveloped  
selves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery.  
y body must have observed, than in all public  
s in this kingdom there are swarms of adven-  
t, who neither derive any possessions from  
dent ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet  
figure most splendidly both in the great and  
world, to the amazement of all who know  
. The only answer I could ever obtain, when  
e enquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of  
ociety lived, was, *The Lord knows*. Which an-  
one would think should imply, that *He who  
h the ravens, and cloatheth the lilies of the field,*  
hus plentifully provided for them, impercepti-  
the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of  
gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence  
Heaven, I should have entertained a very com-  
ant opinion of them, if the legislature, by the  
d of the witch act, had not taught me to believe  
our intercourse with the devil was at an end.  
e midst of my doubts, the following letter gave  
erfect satisfaction.

SIR,                      To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.  
out ten years ago the public was entertained



with a very fanciful performance, intitled *Hermippus Reditivus, or the Sage's triumph over old age and the grave*. Though the ingenious author modestly sets out with shewing the possibility of a man's extending the plan of life to a longer space than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the salubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet by degrees, almost imperceptible to the reader; he slides into the hermetic philosophy, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes, before the conclusion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the STONE and UNIVERSAL ELIXIR, as if he had been personally present when an adept had made projection. He introduces several most surprising stories concerning philosophers, who being skilled in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the most unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the most enviable state of human felicity is imperfect, though these sages were masters of that omnipotent metal, which can make knaves honest, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the established commerce of the world, all the necessaries, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almost deifies its possessors, they were frequently necessitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to skulk from the observation of mankind in the darkest shades of obscurity.

Among many other surprising stories, he gives an account of a stranger who some time ago resided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he says, that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendor, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize: that he had no property in the common funds of the state; nor ever received any remittance from abroad: yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove

m from Italy, from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philosopher in possession of the great secret, as the author insinuates, am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that we have at this very time a great number of that sect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleasure. I have had the happiness of an acquaintance with several of these great men, who, without any visible means of livelihood, have shone forth with uncommon lustre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of tailors, woollen-drappers, lace-men, mercers, milliners, &c. have suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This speedy retreat I attribute to their fears lest the state should discover from what source their wealth arose, and force them by its power to prostitute so sacred and valuable a science to the destructive views of ambition.

It has been observed of several of these philosophers, that they have pretended to be of some lucrative profession or employment, in order, as is supposed, to shelter themselves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know what old-fashioned notion, to regard very coolly persons, who being in possession of no lands or titles by inheritance, are unconnected with society, and do not lend a helping hand in supplying something to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the adopted sons of rich uncles or aunts in the country; from which they were supplied with the comfortable sufficiencies for genteel life: while others have insinuated by their friends, that SOMEBODY has left them SOMETHING SOMEWHERE; and so feigned that they

lived (as honest people phrase it) *by their means*. But before inquiry could be made into those means (if I may have leave to borrow a scripture expression) *they went hence, and were no more seen*.

I remember a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-house about Covent-garden, much frequented by these adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, used ludicrously to call the ANNUAL coffee-house, as the same face was seldom observed to BLOW there a second time. But of late they have been cautious of raising any suspicion by assembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore dispersed through all the coffee-houses in this idle and genteel part of the city.

I would not be understood, from any thing I have said, to infer that none of this respectable sect ever take up their fixed residence in town; for I have known several and their families who have constantly dwelt here, and who, to the astonishment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great splendour and luxury, spent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and still flourish on in the same manner.

Every one in high life must, I dare say, have observed, that no people live so well as those whom the world pronounces to be RUINED. I have known many of those RUINED persons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thousands of unmortgaged acres have repined and sickened at their superior enjoyments. In short, such has been my association of ideas of late, that when I hear any man pronounced RUINED, I immediately conclude, by that expression, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the inestimable secret of the Hermetic philosophy.

however desirous the possessors of this SCIENCE may be of appearing to draw their  
 e from the common and vulgar supplies of  
 ue, stocks, or professions, rather than have  
 cted from whence their mysterious finances  
 et such numbers now abound of all ranks  
 ditions, that the government, I am told, be-  
 ntertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phrase it,  
 an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed I am greatly  
 ed that the affair was not found out sooner;  
 mathematically demonstrable, that if Great  
 and Ireland were large enough to hold all  
 isted possessions of these nominal land-  
 the dominions of his present Majesty would  
 the bluster of a Spanish title, and be larger  
 : four quarters of the globe joined together.  
 re let me stop, and not endeavour to reveal  
 that science, which is destined by fate to  
 a secret from all but the truly initiated;  
 farther profane babbling, the present sons of  
 should take umbrage, and transfer the  
 able advantages that accrue to society  
 eir presence, to lands of more faith and less  
 y. I could wish therefore that the admini-  
 would suppress farther inquiries about these  
 and be contented, like honest plain trades-  
 grow rich they cannot tell how, to re-  
 inundation of wealth, which flows so un-  
 aily into the kingdom, without troubling  
 pose by an over great solicitude to know the  
 it springs from: for fear, like fairy favours,  
 g should be snatched from the land, for  
 pardonable crime of endeavouring to satisfy  
 bited curiosity.

I am, SIR,

*Your most obedient humble Servant,*

A. Z.

No. 111. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

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It is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly understood by every body, as they require neither study nor experience. All people therefore decide peremptorily, though often variously upon both.

All sects, severally sure of being in the right, intimate, at least, if not denounce, damnation to those who differ from them, in points so clear, so plain, and so obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not less an enthusiast than any of them (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, because he knows to demonstration that there is no future state) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics the sects are as various and as warm: and what seems very extraordinary, is, that those who have studied them the most, and experienced them the longest, always know them the least. Every administration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and secret of business in their hands: and not less than six millions of their fellow subjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to discover, censure, reform, and correct their errors, and put them in the right way.

These considerations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not instruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone must be the object of an humble weekly author of a sheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is absolutely necessary for a certain degree of dignity either in man or book. A

m of ethics, to be respected as it ought, requires at least a quarto; and even moral essays can decently, and with utility, appear in less than an octavo. But should I, in my ignoble state of dirty sheet and a half, presume with a grave face to assure folly, or with an angry one to lash vice, the porter of every well-bred family in town would give orders to deny me; and I should forfeit my seat at the breakfast-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally invited up. But if by the introduction of that witty humour, which I believe even my enemies must allow me, I can without offence to the politer part of the world, slide in any useful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, instructive whenever I dare; and when my sacred leaves shall, like the Sybils, come to be consulted, I believe, I may without vanity assert, they will be, at least, as good oracles.

I am in this design too I am aware of difficulties, inferior to those which discouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at least their friends, know what to do.

As they are gifts of nature, not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himself so deficient by nature as not to have some share of either? Nay, those (if such there are) who are mean enough to think themselves cut off with a shillings husband that twelvepence with care, and frugally spend their penny upon occasion, as sly wags, or dry jokers.

In this universal profusion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help distrusting a little success, though by no means the merit of my art; for I have interior conviction that no man has had so much. But tastes are various, and

the market is glutted. However, I should hope, that my candid readers will have the same regard for my opinion, which they have for most of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon trust, especially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth*.

The better to take my measures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progress and reception of my paper through the several classes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is first received by the porter, who yawning, just casts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out so early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the casualties of the week in it, throws it aside, and takes up in its stead a daily news-paper, in which all those matters are related with truth and perspicuity.

From thence it is sent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfast-table. She receives it in pretty much the same manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily-Advertiser, when she turns with impatience to advertisements, to see what invitations are thrown out by single gentlemen of undoubted characters, agreeable young women of unblemished reputation to become either their wives or their companions. And, by a prudent forecast, she particularly attends to the premiums so frequently offered, for a wholesome breast of milk.

When it is introduced into my lady's dressing-room, it undergoes a severer examination: for if lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngest, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to use her to read at sight. If lord, who is a judge of wit as well as of property, the last resort, gives a favourable nod, and says, it

*well enough to-day*; my lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my lord, with an air of distaste, calls it *poor stuff*; my lady discovers it to be *horribly stupid*. The young family are unanimously of opinion, that the nature of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and inquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontispiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior class, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely discussed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The mistress of the house, though she detests scandal, wishes, for example's sake only, that I would draw the characters, and expose the intrigues of the fine folks. The master wonders that I do not give the ministers a rap; and concludes that I receive hush-money. But all agree in saying, facetiously and pleasantly enough, that *The WORLD* does not inform them how *The WORLD* goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at least the twopence a week that it costs.

In the city (for my paper has made its way to that end of the town, upon the supposition of its being a fashionable one in this) I am received and considered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age, are, by the ladies, supposed to be levelled at particular persons, or at least discovered to be very applicable to such and such of the *QUALITY*. They are also thought to be *very pat* to several of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and shrewd hints of the kind greatly embellish the conversation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that



opulent metropolis, who do not themselves buy, but borrow my paper of those who do, complain though there is generally room sufficient at the end of the last page, I never insert the price of stock nor of goods at Bear-key. And they are every one of them astonished how certain transactions of court of aldermen on one hand, and of the common-council on the other, can possibly escape an animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties to which poor weekly author is exposed. However I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds largest that was ever printed even of the Spectator which in no other respects do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn head of a bad one. But I prudently check and those growing sentiments in my own breast, reflecting upon other circumstances that tend to my humiliation. I must confess that the profusion of curling the hair has proved exceedingly favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to the purpose, may contribute, more than its merit, to the sale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn, requires, as I am assured, fourscore curls distinct papers and those curls must be renewed often as the head is combed, which is perhaps a month. Four of my papers are sufficient for the purpose, and amount only to eight pence, which is very little more than what the same quantity of plain paper would cost. Taking it therefore altogether, it seems not inconsistent with good economy to purchase it at so small a price. Till

might mortify me as an author, but on the  
 and, self-love, which is ingenious in availing  
 of the slightest favourable circumstances, com-  
 me with the thought, that, of the prodigious  
 of daily and weekly papers that are now  
 ed, mine is perhaps the only one that is ul-  
 ly applied to the head.

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12. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

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THE noble author has most justly and ele-  
 defined custom to be, *The result of the pas-  
 and prejudices of many, and of the designs of a  
 the ape of reason, who usurps her seat, exercises  
 her, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead.*

This definition enables us to account for the va-  
 absurd and wicked customs which have se-  
 and successively prevailed in all ages and  
 ies, and also for those which unfortunately  
 l in this; for they may all be traced up to  
*ions and prejudices of the many, and the de-  
 a few.*

It is certain, however, that there has not been a  
 when the prerogative of human reason was  
 freely asserted, nor errors and prejudices  
 bly attacked and exposed by the best writers,  
 now. But may not the principle of inquiry  
 etection be carried too far, or at least made  
 eneral? And should not a prudent discrimi-  
 of cases be attended to?

Prejudice is by no means necessarily (though  
 ally thought so) an error. On the contrary,  
 y be a most unquestioned truth, though it be  
 t prejudice in those, who, without any ex-

amination, take it upon trust, and entertain it by habit.

There are even some prejudices, founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more beneficial to society, than their detection can possibly be.

Human reason, even when improved by knowledge, and undisturbed by the passions, is not infallible, though it is our best guide: but unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by passion it becomes the most dangerous one: constituting obstinate wrong-headedness, and dignifying, nay, almost sanctifying error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them much better than half reasoning?

The power of the magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society, than the most learned theological, philosophical, moral and casuistical dissertations. As for instance:

An honest cobbler in his stall, thinks and calls himself a good honest protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish church on Sundays. Would it be honest; would it be wise, to say to this cobbler, 'Friend you only think yourself a member of the church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection. But study the ablest controversial writers of the popish and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may justly call yourself what in truth you are not now, a protestant.'

Should our mender of shoes follow this advice (which I hope he would not) a useful cobbler would most certainly be lost, in a useless polemic, and a scurvy logician.

It would be just the same thing in morals. Our cobbler received from his parents that best and shortest of all christian and moral precepts, *do as you would be done by*: he adopted it without much examination, and scrupulously practised it in general, though with some few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But should some philosopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, assure this cobbler, 'That his honesty was mere prejudice and habit, because he had never sufficiently considered the relation and fitness of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that if he would carefully study the Characteristics, the Moral Philosopher, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that subject, he might then, and not till then, justly call himself an honest man;' what would become of the honesty of the cobbler after this useful discovery, I do not know; but this I very well know, that he should no longer be My cobbler.

I shall borrow him in two instances more, and then leave him to his honest, useful, homespun prejudices, which half-knowledge and less reasoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aside.

My cobbler is also a politician. He reads the first news-papers he can get, desirous to be informed of the state of affairs in Europe, and of the street robberies in London. He has not, I presume, analysed the interests of the respective countries of Europe, nor deeply considered those of his own: still less is he systematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a subject. But his heart and his habits supply those defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and prosperity of old Eng-

land; he will fight for it, if there be occasion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wished that there were in this country six millions of such honest and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

All these unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobbler, though prejudices in him, are in themselves undoubted and demonstrable truths and ought therefore to be cherished even in the coarsest dress. But I shall now give an instance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the result of error, and which yet I believe no man in his senses would desire should be exposed or removed.

Our honest cobbler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; and in this persuasion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, to deduce from physical principles, I am apt to believe that one Englishman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal strength and size with himself, I should however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that useful and sanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the field of Poitiers and Crécy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from these; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that gave birth and sanction to the most absurd, extravagant, impious and immoral customs.

Honour, that sacred name, which ought to be the spirit, the supererogation of virtue, is, by custom, profaned, reduced, and shrunk to mean or readiness to fight a duel upon either a real or imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. In such vices nor immoralities whatsoever blast this

character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what should banish a man from society, recommends him in general to the best. He may, with great honour, starve the tradesmen, and by their industry supply not only his wants, but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or sister; he may, in short, undoubtedly satisfy every appetite, passion, and interest, and scatter desolation round him, if he be but ready for single combat, and a scrupulous observer of all the moral obligations of a gamester.

These are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for power to lash, for the rigour of the law to punish, and for opinion (which would be the most effectual of all) for censure to discountenance and proscribe. And these shall in their turns be the subjects of some of our papers.

### N. 113. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

THE custom of DUELLING is most evidently *the* *ult of the passions of the many, and of the designs of power*; but here the definition stops; since, far from being *the ape of reason*, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and of a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politest of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers. and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to shew how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the *unalterable fitness of things*. Viewed on the crimi-

nal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The Guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity, than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the Folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOUR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon Learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins, they established the honourable and noble science of HOMICIDE, dignified, exalted, and ascertained TRUE HONOUR, worshipped it as their diety, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, HONOUR, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was

d by the church ; and the churchmen were  
 ally allowed the honour and pleasure of  
 ve read of many instances of DUELS be-  
 len and Priests. Nay, it was, without ap-  
 e infallible test of female chastity. If a  
 or any lady of distinction was suspected of  
 ncontinency, some brave champion, who  
 monly privy to, or perhaps the author of it,  
 th in her defence, and asserted her inno-  
 th the point of his sword or lance. If by  
 ty, skill, strength, and courage, he mur-  
 :accuser, the lady was spotless ; but if her  
 a fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic  
 in defence of the fair, I presume, occa-  
 nat association of ideas (otherwise seem-  
 relative to each other) of the BRAVE and  
 : for indeed *in those days* it behoved a  
 o had the least regard for her reputation,  
 a lover of uncommon activity, strength,  
 age. This notion, as I am well assured,  
 ails in many reputable families about Co-  
 len, where the BRAVE in the kitchen, are  
 ithin call of the FAIR in the first or second

is summary method of proceeding, the  
 the delays, and the expence of the law,  
 ided, and the troublesome shackles of the  
 icked off ; HONOUR ruling in their stead.  
 :the utility and justice of this method, I  
 elp mentioning a very extraordinary DUEL  
 a man of distinction and a dog, in the year  
 resence of king Charles the fifth of France.  
 relation and the print of this DUEL are to  
 in father Montfaucon.

man of the court was supposed to have  
 another, who had been missing for some  
 his suspicion arose from the mute testi-



mony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish g hound, who with uncommon rage attacked this posed murderer wherever he met him. As he a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (tho by the way he really had murdered the man) could not bear lying under so dishonourable a picion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met his fair inviter at the time and place appointed; and has always been observable of that particular bias that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and at last killed the honourable gentleman, who had then no honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in Europe, the science of HOMICIDE was farther cultivated and improved. If on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its jurisdiction, on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with admirable codes, digests, pandects, and *república della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of HONOUR were considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sort of lies were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each, was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour (though a

painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe ; and in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of HONOUR.

In the present degenerate age, these fundamental laws of HONOUR are exploded and ridiculed ; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations, but I would humbly ask, why ? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined ? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight ; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will I hope pardon me, when I say, that my future inquiries and researches after truth, shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason indeed which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the INSTITUTES OF HONOUR.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great HONOUR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice HONOUR likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same com-

mendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde-park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of HONOUR, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

‘SIR,

‘I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet up very unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty-stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

SIR, *Your very humble servant.*

P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease, towards the desired medium, in which I presume, two or three pounds more or less on either side, ought not to be considered.’

This, among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules and statutes of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trilling, and private interests ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

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No. 114. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

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THE notion of BIRTH, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result of the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few. It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is

ly the strongest instance, and the weakest prop or numan vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that FLY which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, Custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of BIRTH and people of NO BIRTH will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious or laborious re-

searches into the customs, and manners of the present times, they shall have reason to suppose that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some BORN, but the greater number UNBORN. The fact will appear *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed*; the difficulty will be how to account for it; and as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men, doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to the remotest successors in the republic of letters, giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of GREAT BIRTH, NOBLE BIRTH, BIRTH, NO BIRTH AT ALL.

Great and illustrious BIRTH is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved of the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, discloses twenty innumerable marriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Leodebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blanches and Mauds, before the conquest, not without battle and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the herald's office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. this GREAT BIRTH is graced with a peerage,

ch the better; but if not, it is no great matter; or being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

NOBLE BIRTH implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and title; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

BIRTH, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not BORN, or at least, in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires have the honour of being BORN.

I must confess that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between BIRTH, and NO BIRTH; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I took the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind and sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined with a good heart and a good understanding. But I afterwards suspected that it could possibly mean the well-relished tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the learned Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of coins and minerals lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of natural history. She, with that frankness and humanity

which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves: but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious BIRTH, and descended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it, inso-much, that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner:

‘I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, You are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to king Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins: and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of NO BIRTH laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is WELL BORN, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or

mean-born man to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins; No; ANCIENT BIRTH and NOBLE BLOOD are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of mis-alliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, BIRTH is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it.'

My friend was going on, and to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH: and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of being lineally descended from the first man. upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, 'That is not a necessary consequence, neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of pre-adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one.'

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing powers of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the



human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

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No. 115. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

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THOUGH it is a general observation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in *SELF*, yet to an impartial person, who reads over with attention the advertisements in our public papers, it will appear that there are instances of public-spiritedness in the present times, that put to shame every record that can be produced in favour of times past: and though I am sorry to say that these instances are confined to one particular profession of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and universal. Not to keep my readers in suspense, the public-spirited gentlemen I mean, are the *gentlemen of the faculty*, or, as they more modestly call themselves, the *practitioners in physic*. The disinterested zeal with which these gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind, ought, I confess, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine; and happy indeed is it that they themselves seem to think so; and have therefore done that justice to their own merits, which their warmest advocates must have despaired of doing for them.

The most illustrious Doctor De CORTESE, physician of the most serene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no less illustrious Doctor TOSCANO, his colleague, has generously taken up his residence in this metropolis, where diseases and death fly before him.

A physician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly setting forth in the daily papers, that 'As nothing is more repugnant to humanity than denying relief to a fellow creature in misery, applause surely is most due to those, who by long study and great application, have extracted a medicine from the vegetable and mineral creation, that infallibly cures, &c.'

The truly disinterested proprietor of *the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts*, condescends to do himself the justice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his address to the public in the following words, 'That the UNHAPPY may know where to apply for relief, is the full end of this advertisement.'

The gentleman of much experience in physic, who has discovered the celebrated LORION or wash that makes every body beautiful, tells us, 'That for the CONVENIENCY of persons of distinction, and the GENERAL GOOD of mankind, it is sold at Mr. Foy's china-shop, opposite St. James's palace.'

Who is there that can read, that does not look with admiration and astonishment on the disinterested benevolence of these truly great persons? But when we consider a still greater instance of public-spiritedness; when we think of that justly celebrated great man and physician, the incomparable Doctor TAYLOR; who, not satisfied with restoring the invaluable blessing of sight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable visits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where shall we find words to express the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleasure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holiness the Pope, and their eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illustrious person at

Rome, of which the Daily Advertiser thus particularly informs us:

Rome, December the 27th. The CHEVALIER TAYLOR, celebrated medicine-oculist to their imperial majesties, to the kings of Great-Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and to all the sovereign princes in Europe, arrived a few weeks since in this capital from Muscovy, and the morning after his arrival was presented to his holiness. From the reputation he has acquired here by the success he had with the princesses of Ruspuly, Justinana, and with many other illustrious personages, together with a number extraordinary of the subjects of this country, the Pope has not only been pleased to grant him three different audiences, but has declared him, by patent, medicine-oculist to his person and court: and, to give him yet a greater mark of his favour has caused him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received as a member of the Roman senate, and fellow of the Roman university. The patents of these dignities, together with all the others he has received from the courts and universities abroad, are in the hands of his son in London. By a list it appears, that the CHEVALIER is now physician-oculist (by patent) to six crowned heads; to near twenty sovereign princes; member of almost all the universities, academies, and societies of the learned in Europe; that he is the author of twenty-four different works that he has wrote himself in different languages, three of which are published in Italian; and to complete all, he was received as a member of the university of Padua, by order of senate of Venice, with distinct approbation from the famous professor Morgagni: and this crowned by the dignities he has received from the court and senate of Rome. The CHEVALIER will direct his

through Italy, where he will end his tour  
all Europe.

I have transcribed the whole of this advertise-  
ment, which possibly may not appear to be quite  
so rationally worded as if drawn up by the Doctor  
) because I am desirous of rescuing from a  
notable news-paper the authentic records of the  
services and honours of the CHEVALIER TAYLOR.  
I do not conceal from my readers that I have one  
very holy thought upon this occasion; it is, that  
some of these high honours have been conferred  
upon the CHEVALIER by the catholic princes, and  
especially by his holiness the Pope, it is greatly to  
be regretted that from a principle of gratitude, the  
CHEVALIER may possibly have made them a com-  
mitment of his protestant faith. If my apprehen-  
sions of this event are groundless, how ought we to  
regret that such distinguished titles are bestowed,  
upon the enemies of our religion, upon one of  
our countrymen!

As the principal blessing of life is health,  
I wonder that princes and great men are so  
often rewarded with honours all those who are the  
possessors of it: and it is with no small satisfaction that  
those eminent physicians, Doctor Rock, Doc-  
tor St, together with a long *et cætera* of doctors  
content themselves with publishing their merits  
under their names, offering their several specifics  
to the public, under a patent from the crown.

It is the disinterested spirit of these great per-  
sons, not their honours, that I am at present  
admiring: and I take shame to myself, that as an  
author, and consequently a physician of the mind, I  
have been less careful in setting forth either the  
necessity of my labours, or in extending them as I  
ought to have done to all sorts of people. I had never  
before till very lately, that the paper of the

WORLD, though it cost no more than two-pence and is published but once a week, yet when continued to a hundred thousand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time (for I have taken care that the secret of writing it shall not die with me) must be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due consideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and disinterested spirit of my brethren the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Dodsley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of these my labours, for the years one thousand seven hundred fifty-three, and one thousand seven hundred fifty-four; and to distribute the said volumes among all the booksellers of this great metropolis, to be sold by them to-morrow and for ever at so small a price as three shillings a volume. And I have the pleasure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts, *that to relieve the UNHAPPY is the full end of this publication.*

For the great utility of these incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praises I have almost every where bestowed upon them in the volumes themselves, though, I confess, not altogether in so ample a manner as their merits required. I might also have presented him with a list of attestations sent me under the hands and seals of most of the principal nobility of these kingdoms, setting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and understandings: but as these attestations would have made a much larger work than the volumes themselves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be said of these books, but that they are an easy, pleasant, and infallible cure for every disorder of the human mind.

I had written thus far, when I received a visit from a friend, who, upon my acquainting him with the

public-spirited scheme which I have laid before my friends, shook his head, and told me, that an author acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generosity; of which he could convince me in an instant. He then left me abruptly, without so much as waiting for an answer, and in less than the hour proposed, sent me the following advertisement, printed in a news-paper. 'This day was published Truelove's new-year's gift, or the book of presents for children, adorned with cuts, and designed for every little boy who would become a gentleman, and ride upon a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman, seated in a lord mayor's gilt coach. Printed for J. Truelove, who has ordered these books to be given gratis to all little good boys and girls, at the bible corner in St. Paul's church-yard, they paying for the binding, which is only two-pence each

As I am very freely that the generosity of this advertisement put me a little out of countenance; and as I pique myself upon nothing so much as my justice to mankind, I soon came to a resolution not to be out-done by this public-spirited generosity; and I hereby give notice, that the above-mentioned three volumes of the WORLD, together with a very elaborate index to each (all of which I confess, intended to be sold) will now be GRATIS at every bookseller's shop in town, to all sorts of persons, *they only paying NINE SHILLINGS for the BINDING.*

No. 116. THURSDAY, MARCH 20

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*Personam, thyrsumque tenent, et subligar*

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies. My father was my intimate acquaintance and he made his addresses to their late mother. I very well remember he could not obtain success till he had first procured himself the orange star and ribbon, and would never have succeeded with a lady but from the happy thought of adding a lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that success was owing to these exteriors, I formed no great opinion of the good sense of his daughter. As she made my friend a good wife, I reflected she might justly be influenced by the remarks of her lover, and marked the consequence of her lover, as it seemed to bespeak success. It is, however, still a doubt with me, whether she ever felt a sincere passion for the man she married, and what increases this doubt is, that I cannot discover in either of her daughters, any thing of what I can properly call love. The eldest reads romances, is continually professing a disposition to requite (after a proper interval) the pains of one who shall enterprize, fight, and catch cold for her. The second would be won with a scare-crow, who, with the dignity of a ghost, should discover what she calls a Taste, and out his person with embroidery, laces, and trinkets. The third would never desire the object of her passion; provided she might

reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and such missive weapons, which do most execution from a distance. Last week my three wards came into my room, desiring leave to go to the next masquerade. I gave a hasty consent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be safe on the side of love; but since I have recollected my thoughts, I am apprehensive that the eldest may be caught by some *avanturier*, with sounding language and a romantic habit; the second by a Turkish emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngest by a smooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a shepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be surprized, after this representation, to hear me complain of the distress my promise brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I must for once trust them to their fate. But I cannot forbear intreating you, while the impression is strong in my rash mind, to write a paper on the dangerous consequences which these fantastic diversions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my consent has already produced. This morning I found the eldest of my young ladies dressed out, as she told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a suit of Persian armour of her own contrivance. The second, who is of a large size, and has contracted a remarkable unweildiness by the state she observes in never moving off her couch, was at the same time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which she wears herself in one of her serious dances. The youngest was a muse, and expressed great satisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that she had



not *settled her head*. I could not help sorry I had contributed my part to the. This was very ill received ; which indeed I have foreseen, as well from the opposition implied to her diversion, as because the things in the world, detests a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous affair, which I am afraid will have. If it be attended with any of the consequences I apprehend, you shall hear further of. In the mean time, I hope to hear from you on the subject, and am,

SIR,

*Your humble*

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correspondent, and as it is now some time since this letter came to hand, I am sorry that none of those dreadful consequences which he so greatly apprehended, have yet happened, which he so greatly apprehended. Three ladies escaped without any other accident, and now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who consider masquerade an innocent amusement, and have long since left off going to it with either good or bad ; not that the vices are left off, but that they are carried on with less difficulty in other places, and without the inconveniences that would attend them there. And I am ready to say, if people will keep from the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard than that of making themselves ridiculous. I will go still farther, by protesting against the injustice of charging this diversion with the mischiefs of play, or the vices mentioned in my correspondent's letter.

that the men game higher, or that the women more fantastically in the Haymarket than here. That it is an unprofitable amusement, not worthy the anxiety and pains that are bestowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge but have nothing farther to say against it.

Here I cannot help observing, for the information of the declaimer against the present times, that our ancestors bestowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than posterity have done since; and that they were sometimes attended with more dangerous consequences. Witness the famous *Balet des Ardens*, Charles the sixth of France and several young men of his court, in order to represent sacrifice, endeavoured to imitate hair by sticking flax in their close jackets of canvas, which were bedded for that purpose with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all excepting the king, bed themselves together so fast, that a spark from a flambeau falling upon one of them, burnt two of them to death before they were separated, and scorched the others so that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

Henry the eighth was the first who brought these masques into England; and as they were very new from their novelty, they were frequently used in that reign with great success. It is ascribed to a building erected by that monarch for occasional masquerade, that the first idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be thought that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a description of which together with the disaster that befel it, is particularly set forth by the historian of those

the king caused to be builded a banqueting-

house, eight hundred feet in compass, like a theatre after a goodly device, builded in such a manner as (I think) was never seen. And in the middle the same banqueting-house was set up a great pillar of timber, made of eight great masts, bound together with iron bands for to hold them together for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in length and cost six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence to set it upright. The banqueting-house was covered over with canvas, fastened with ropes and as fast as might be devised; and within the house was painted the heavens, with stars, sun, moon, and clouds, with divers other things made over men's heads. And about the high pillar of timber that stood upright in the midst, were stages of timber for organs and other instruments to stand upon, and men to play on them. But in the morning of the same day, wherein the building was accomplished, the wind began to rise, and at last blew off the canvas, and all the elements, with the stars, sun, moon, and clouds; and all the seats that were made with great riches, besides other things, were all dashed and lost.'

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, though builded (according to this historian) as strong as could be devised. The modern Ranelagh has proved itself to be a stronger building, having as yet been attacked by no storms but those of the legislature; and our magistrates had thought proper) we might have challenged all Europe to shew us the perfection of a masquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the spaciousness of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the splendour of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. The choice of the latter may no longer be attributed to the invention, or occasion the same hurry and barrassment, and disappointment that I an-

have happened on some late occasions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys of St. Martins-lane, is now engraving select representations of the most approved modes of dress of all those nations who have discovered either taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himself as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

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No. 117. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

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*In nova fert animus.*

OVID.

**T**HERE is perhaps no passion which more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more universally, than the desire of NOVELTY. Its effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed these advantages in the highest degree, were, if we may trust their own writers, as passionately fond of the SOMETHING NEW as my own countrymen can possibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the

expence to which we have pushed our inven-  
fresh objects for the public amusement, yet w  
yield the superiority, no less in extravagance  
we do in taste, to a people, who expended the  
sure which was destined to clothe and feed an  
or to man a fleet, on diversions and entertain  
at home. It may surprize some of our gaye  
derns to inform them, that without *ridottos*,  
*querades* and operas, the charge only of  
three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to th  
total of the supplies raised for the service  
republic in a general war.

The passion for novelty, as it acts on di  
subjects, has very different consequences.  
religion or government are its objects, it  
source of most terrible evils. New men and  
models have been the dread of the wisest  
cians; and when things are tolerably well, to  
tain them upon the old footing, has been gen  
thought the safest maxim for the happiness o  
community. Too great a desire of novelty,  
in the governed, or in the governing, has ofte  
turbid the peace of kingdoms. When it go  
farther than to decide the dress of the perso  
the ornaments of our equipage, all is safe  
highest degree of excess will then only afford  
ject of ridicule, a smart cock'd hat, or en  
dered sleeve, a short petticoat, or well-fa  
furbelow, will neither endanger the church  
embroil the state. The pursuit indeed of  
kind of novelties may rather occasion man  
vantages to the public; while that vanity wh  
absurd in the particular, is useful in the ge  
Novelty and fashion are the source and supp  
trade, by constantly supplying matter for th  
ployment of industry. By increasing the v  
they increase the connections of mankind; a

long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and ease of life, but even of those which constitute its real ornament, are owing to this desire of novelty. Yet here too we may grow wanton; and nature seems to have set us bounds, which we cannot pass without running into great absurdities. For the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts, may become the cause of their degeneracy and corruption. The search of the SOMETHING NEW has step by step conducted mankind to the discovery of all that is truly beautiful in those arts; and the same search (for the desire of novelty never stops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a just taste should always confine itself.

Hence it is that musical composition ceases to be admired merely for touching the passions, and for changing the emotions of the heart from the soft to the strong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from gay to the melancholy, and only seems to be considered as highly excellent, when it impresses us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

Images unnatural and unconnected, and a style not and embarrassed with its own pomp, but void of meaning and sentiment, will always be the consequence of endeavouring, in the same way, to induce a new taste into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without strength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native, warm, and soft flowing language of that amiable mistress, will to please her more judicious lovers by an affection of pleasing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this should admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applause which is so fondly given to Chinese decorations, or to the barbarous prodigium of a Gothic genius, which seems once to threaten the ruin of that simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a just taste; with an aptitude to discover what is proper, right, and consequently beautiful, in the objects which offer themselves to their view. The beauty in these external objects, like truth in the understanding, is self-evident and undeniable, yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely not at all, because not considered. Now we are equally struck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this first emotion, call in judgment to correct the decision of their eyes, to tell them whether the pleasure they feel is from other cause than mere novelty. It is certainly a frequent review and comparing of the subjects together would greatly improve an individual taste; and that hardly any one would be undetermined, when once accustomed to such attention, whether the proportions of architecture taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the emperor of China's palace at Peking, produced the most agreeable forms.

The present vogue of Chinese and Gothic architecture has, besides its novelty, another cause for good reception; which is, that there is no objection in being merely WHIMSICAL. A spirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique simulation is the portion of minds used to reflection, and is the result of a corrected judgment: but here we are equal. A manner confined to no rules

ving the crowd of imitators in its party, velty is the sole criterion of elegance. It action, that the very end of all building is hat all reference to use and climate, all of one proportion to another, of the thing g to the thing supported, of the accessory incipal, and of the parts to the whole, is irely subverted.

intings, which, like the architecture, con- revolt against the truth of things, as little ervice the name of elegant. False lights, lows, false perspective and proportions, gay without that gradation of tints, that mutual of enlightened and darkened objects, which nd give force to each other at the same : they give repose to the eye, in short every nt combination of forms in nature, without on and without meaning, are the essentials ese painting.

s Chinese and Gothic spirit has begun to some of the finest streets in this capital, er an academy shall be founded for the pro- he arts of sculpture, painting, and architec- ne scheme should be thought of at the same discourage the encroachment of this pre- elegance; and an ANTI-CHINESE society a much more important institution in the of arts, than an ANTI-GALLICAN in that of

A correspondent of mine, I dare say, e glad to be a member of it, if we may be to judge of his sentiments from the follow- r.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

married to a lady of great fortune, of which, d little or none myself, she has reserved : disposition to her own management by the



marriage-articles. She is passionately fond of novelty, and changes her dress and furniture almost as often as she does her temper. In short, nothing about her is a proof of her mutability; she has not more new head-dresses in a year, than words, which she is perpetually coining, but she would pass for a wit. The unintelligible of her dialect occasions sometimes great confusion to the family; and her acquaintance no sooner attempts to understand her, than she changes her phraseology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expression. She came home the other morning from a visit, in raptures with lady Fiddlestick's Chinese dressing-room; since which we have had most terrible resolutions. Her grandfather left her every thing, was a man celebrated for taste; but his fine collection of pictures by the best Italian masters, is now converted into landscape paintings; and the beautiful vases, busts, and statues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great green painted Chinese pagods, red dragons, and the representation of the ugliest monsters that ever, or never existed. This extravagance is not confined within doors. The garden is filled with whirlwind buildings, at a prodigious expence; with sun-baths without shade, and with temples that are to be dedicated to no other deities than the wind. If by reading your paper she should be persuaded to leave off every Chinese fashion, but that of pig's feet and not stirring abroad, I should think myself a happy man, and very much, Mr. Fitz-Adam

*Your obliged humble servant*

No. 118. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

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*Vicinas urbes alit.*

HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, sense, conversation, all private and public affections, are totally swallowed up by the predominant passion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they appear to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally useful than those of preceding ages. I am particularly pleased with considering the progress which a just taste and real good sense have made in the modern mode of gardening. This science is at present founded on such noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embellishments he rides by, than the visitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of *laying out ground* (for so we call it, till a new name be adopted to express so complicated an idea) has spread so widely, and its province is become so extensive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we shall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of Italian scenery in Virgil, hardly to correspond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villas of Cicero and Pliny, which they have so affectionately described, do not raise our admiration. A favourable aspect, variety of porticoes and shades of plane trees, seem to be their greatest merit. Their successors in that

happy climate have made their gardens repositories for statues, bas relieves, urns, and whatever is by them entitled *virtu*; the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of evergreen oaks, and tricks in water, complete their system.

In France the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have shewn itself in more beautiful productions than the Thuilleries and Versailles, had it not been shackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taste been over-laid by magnificence.

This forced taste, aggravated by some Dutch acquisitions, for more than half a century, deformed the face of nature in this country, though several of our best writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for those improvements which have since followed. Sir William Temple, in his Gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that at More-Park in Hertfordshire; yet he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic spirit points out a higher style, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the spot; and it seems to have been the peculiar destiny of that delightful place, to have passed through all the transformations and modes of taste, having exercised the talents of the most eminent artists successively, and being as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundless imagination of Milton in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, struck out a plan of a garden, which I would propose for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, as containing the views, objects, and ambition of modern gardening.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age to see the just and noble ideas brought into practice, and

nished, prospects opened, the country, nature rescued and improved, and art concealing herself under her own per-

ge upon this subject, because I would do our nobility and men of fortune, who by able employment of the poor, have made private amusement a national good. It

that in the season of the harvest, the hands to gather in the fruits of the earth, that few of our farmers can find men to work for three months, unless they can in employment the other nine. Here mode of gardening comes in greatly to the of the labourer; and as it consists in the removal of earth, the whole cost goes to his support.

been the constant cry of all politicians and in trade, that taxes should be laid on luxury happy is it that luxury should take so share in the payment of that tax, which lies heavy on the present times! I mean the late. Our manufactures, it must be granted be the greatest national benefit; inasmuch as sustain multitudes of families, which all the fortunes in a country would be insufficient to support. But the fact is, that in the harvest there is always the greatest scarcity of husbandry in those countries where manufactures are known to flourish; and it is also a fact, that manufactures afford no support to the husband in the other seasons: so that I know of no man that can procure to him the necessaries of the winter, but the judicious allotment of the comfortable season to the works above-mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour every part of England.

I must also do our men of taste the justice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the chief embellishers of the gardens in the present reign was the same nobleman who established the manufactory for the carpets at Wilton. In the north, the countries have been civilized, industry encouraged, and variety of manufactures instituted by the magnificent charity of the noble person, who among the least of his perfections must be allowed to be the best planter in Europe. And if ever this country should boast the establishment of the art of weaving tapestry, she will be beholden to the same hand to which she owes (if I may name it after the exalted blessings of LIBERTY and PEACE) adorning Windsor park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether or falsely, of the Chinese gardens, it is certain we are the first of the Europeans who have shown this taste; and we have been so fortunate in the choice of those who have had the direction of our finest spots of ground, that we may boast a success equal to that profusion of expense which has been destined to promote the rapid progress of this happy enthusiasm. Our gardens already the astonishment of foreigners, and in proportion as they accustom themselves to consider and understand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taste of our writers lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to visit us, this other taste will greatly contribute to make the growing fashion of travelling to the land more general; and by this means we may expect to see part of those sums brought back which this country has been from year to year unprofitably drained of.

But to set this science in the strongest light

benefit, let us consider what pains have successfully taken for many years past by patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only res, but even agriculture itself, among the inhabitants. These conceited Quixotes please themselves with boasting that they are gradually enlightening some part of their country, are so satisfied with this important result that they seem to desire no other advancement. Ustariz, their latest and best minister of commerce, has bestowed whole pages in his report on the wretched condition of families, the neglect of weakly children, the present race unemployed, the growing hope cut off, and all this because the inhabitants cannot be persuaded to use the obvious means for their sustenance and preservation of the earth. Yet there is a way even the proudest Spaniard to apply himself to the cultivation of his country: I will give the force of example. If the grandees would make it a fashion; if they would talk as one who has recently heard the first men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themselves upon their success in husbandry, the pride of the yeoman might be usefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious to have his fields as green as those of his neighbour; he would then take his stately strides behind his plough, and (as Addison says) would throw about his dung with an air of majesty. He would then find a nobler use for his cattle than the romantic purpose of a show; and his vanity, thus properly directed, in a few years make his country the finest part of the universe.

The noble duke who cloathed the sands of the desert with such exquisite verdure, had made

the same glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no less riches, and much more labour to that nation, than the conquests of Philip, or the discoveries of Columbus.

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No. 119. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

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*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ  
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera possit.*

OVI

It has been hinted to me since the publication of my last week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that science useful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of those liberal geniuses, under whose immediate direction these improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other services to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing justice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extensive and various talents, which the almost innumerable professors of gardening may so justly boast.

The good old English nobleman or country squire, whose delight was a garden, used to take from the tail of the plough a set of animals which he considered as beings of the same order with those who drew it; and setting them to work in the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to labour over their spades, and settle their several plans of poaching, wood-stealing, skittle-playing and psalm

g, he went and enjoyed himself with his dogs  
 orses. But since we have laid aside that  
 and easy direction, 'Follow the straight-  
 and have in its stead substituted that exceed-  
 difficult one, 'Follow nature,' the above-men-  
 animals have never been trusted a moment  
 nselves, but have had a creature of a supe-  
 ind set over them, whose office is best ex-  
 d by the scolloping-wheel in the machines for  
 g, which is continually putting the others out  
 r course, and preventing them from making  
 , or any other regular figures.

s office is of late grown so respectable, that  
 e adept in it may justly be stiled the high-  
 of nature. But it is not nature alone that  
 dies; all arts are investigated by his compre-  
 e genius. He must be well acquainted with

hydrostatics, mechanics, geometry, trigono-  
 &c.; and since it has been thought necessary  
 oush rural scenes with all the varieties of  
 cture, from single pillars and obelisks, to  
 s, ruins, pavillions, and even castles and  
 les, it is not enough for our professor to be  
 wing as Solomon in all the species of vege-  
 from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on  
 ll; he must also rival that monarch in build-  
 , well as his other talents. A knowledge of  
 enables him to turn every *deceptio visus* to ad-

. Hydrostatics are most immediately ne-  
 , since it is decreed that every place must  
 piece of water; and as every piece of water  
 ave a boat of a particular contrivance, me-  
 s come in to his assistance; and he is carried  
 e glassy surface by snakes, birds, dolphins,  
 n, or whatever else he pleases. The appli-  
 of trigonometry is obvious; and if your  
 is continue to increase in extent, in the same



proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be soon called in, to measure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But such extension of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are sister arts; but our general lover has possessed them both, in spite of their consanguinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greatest jilt in the universe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad stem and a smooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inscription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuscan, and Persic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has such a director to influence and guide his taste, as the demon of Socrates is said to have continually accompanied that philosopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourously describes a man, who without having the inward call, was desirous of being thought as religious as the rest of his neighbours of those times. ‘This man’ says he, ‘finds himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation; and makes the person of that man his religion. He entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid asleep: rises, is saluted, and after being well breakfasted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day *without his religion*.’ Just in this manner does the mere man of fashion in these times think it necessary to have a TASTE; but though he does not, commonly carry his TASTE about him, he is seldom

udent as to take any steps in his garden  
his TASTE.

age so liberal of new names, it seems extraordinary that these universal connoisseurs have obtained no title of honour, or distinction. May help me to crown their panegyrick word on their modesty; for to that alone we attribute their having so long been with-; especially as they might as easily have alized their own names, as any of the an- ges, who called their profession after them- the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean phy. Nor have they shewn less modesty; expectation of returns for their inestimable, as will appear upon a comparison of their s with those of the ancient artists.

drocles, who built the famous bridge over horus, at the command of Darius, was re- by that monarch with a crown, and ten the cost of that expensive undertaking, as a tenth of the expence is reckoned a mo- ob; and no artist in our memory has aspired higher honour than that of knighthood. ext great work we read of, was the canal of Athos; for which it was impossible that the r should receive any other than an honorary, because he died as soon as it was finished. me was Artachæus; he was in stature the of all the Persians, and his voice stronger at of any other man; two very useful ac- shments in an overseer and director of mul- . Xerxes, truly sensible of his merit, bu- m with great pomp and magnificence, em- his whole army in erecting a sumptuous ment to his memory, and by direction of an honoured him as a hero with sacrifices and tions.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, captain Perry! A genius whose remembrance must make this nation both proud and ashamed. His performances are sufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don to the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largest vessels in a few hours? But rather let me ask, what was his reward for that national work at home, the stopping the Daggenham breach? I am sorry to answer, that he was persecuted and suffered to starve, for the debts he had contracted in accomplishing an undertaking so essential to the commerce of the kingdom, and the existence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to those who administer so essentially to their pleasures: and I would have them distinguish between those dull mechanical rogues, whose thoughts never wander beyond the sphere of gain and the generous spirit who is warmed by his profession, and who thinks himself paid by the exquisite scenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypress is alone of all his various plantations accompanying him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the most conspicuous part of his gardens erect a temple to his memory, and inscribe it with propriety and truth, GENIO Loci.

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No. 120. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

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**M**ost people complain of fortune; few of nature: and the kinder they may think the latter has been

to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power of such and such? is the common expostulation with fortune: but Why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of such and such others? is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may use that pedantic word) many Bacons, Locks, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a counterpoise of vanity which never fails to set right. Hence it happens that hardly any one can would, without reserve, and in every particular, range with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of nature, how few listen to her voice! How few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, flattery, affectation, and fashion assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous : for there is nothing truer than the trite ob-

servation; 'that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not.' Affectation is the only source, and at the same time, the only justifiable object of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what he will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without industry: which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it.

Even some people's vices are not their own; they are affected and adopted (though at the same time enjoyed) in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices has a lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward, as the design is absurd; and the consequence equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some talents and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of a dissipated profession, he frequented the theatres, he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most dissipated play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the *Libertine destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the *Libertine destroyed*, was to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and very rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the *Libertine*, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption

∴ There are, I am persuaded, so many of this nature, that for my own part I would take a greater step towards the reformation of the world for the next twenty years, than that people have in the last twenty years, but *their own*.

A blockhead who affects wisdom because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his affected character; whereas he might have been useful in his native mud, or perhaps by his unobserved deeds, collected shells, and studied or logic, with some success.

A vain coxcomb aims at all, and decides finely every thing, because nature has given him

The degree of parts and animal spirits, to constitute that character, if properly managed might have made him useful in many parts but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

A dissipated fine gentleman might probably, by his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several parts of domestic life, which at his age nature has given to him: but he will most ridiculously follow the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-fifty, and modestly intimates that he is not without *fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept (not to mention whom he marries and owns, because *she was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made a woman*).

A dissipated widow remembers that she was once beautiful, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and flatters herself so, or at least, very *likeable* still. Her venerable affectations of her youth and beauty, which she vainly continues, increase even with her age, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of conceal-

ing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcase. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries and brocades, which, like as many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or let desire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assure her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. tenderly prefers her (though not without some solicitation) to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the source of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricature of a love, and resembles it no more than is absurdity necessary to heighten the ridicule. Like a bubble of flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De la Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of too much play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusive of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted

bered ; FOLLY supplied its place, and who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

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No. 121. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

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*Pest mediam noctem——cum somnia vera. HOR.*

. FITZ-ADAM.

AMONG the many visions related by your predecessors and contemporaries, the writers of periodicals, I remember few but what have been in oriental style and character. For my own part I am neither Dervise nor Brachman, but a poet and a christian, though given now and then to be a *heathenish* in my expressions: and as I apprehend that no one set of people will claim the sole property and privilege of dreaming to themselves, as I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your

F.

I imagined myself to be walking on a road: it was wide and well beaten. An elderly gentleman, whom I joined company, informed me it was a road to Parnassus, and very obligingly offered me his services. The first groupe of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with age. They were shaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I supposed they were performing some mystery of the Cabala; but on my nearer approach, learnt that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets; and that this was only a scheme of assisting nature.

Being now startled with a great noise, I turned

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suddenly about, and perceived just behind me a set of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their conversation was so little connected, and their motions so irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk; and apprehensive of mischief in so furious a company, quickened my pace.

The road now winded through the most beautiful fields, whose very bushes were all in bloom, and intermingled with shrubs, that afforded the most agreeable scents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that gushed from natural or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of some larger flood that fell at a distance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themselves with the gaiety of the situation: they had stepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were so delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they seemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits so covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almost impossible to discover any cloth. I was so much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic scene, that I would have stopped there myself, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was enchanted, and pressed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to see next a great crowd of Bombastics: a set of fat, pursy fellows, so asthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally straining and attempting to run races; as were several dwarfs in enormous jack-boots, to overtake two horsemen (who rode very swift at a distance, and were said to be Milton and Shakspeare) but tumbled at every four or five steps, to the great diversion of the spectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted : and having lost their way, were inquiring it of a man who carried a phrase-book; and a *Gradus ad Parnassum* in his hand ; and seemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty, when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by some very genteel shepherds, who wore red stockings and large shoulder-bags, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, ing with tinsel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangling at their sides. They talked much about their flocks and *Amaryllis* ; but I saw her the one nor the other ; and was surprized, some of them pretended to music, to hear an air as the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentleness of their aspects served to render more formidable, by the contrast, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their censures upon every one that passed, especially if he made a tolerable figure. **DICTION, HARMONY and TASTE** : the general terms, which they threw out with vehemence. They frowned on me as I passed : looks discovering my fear, the alarm was given ; and at the very first sound of their catcalls, terrified to the last degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and look to my heels.

We at last arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to climb up the sides : but as the precipice was very steep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of access, which was so extremely narrow, that it was almost impossible for two persons to go abreast, without one justling against the other. The gates were opened and shut by three venerable virgins, **GENIUS, GOOD SENSE, and GOOD**

**EDUCATION.** They examined all that passed. A few, however, pushed forward by a vast crowd of friends, forced their way in; but had generally mortification of being brought back again, and turned out by the centinels.

By the interest of my guide we were permitted to visit what part of Parnassus we pleased; and having mounted the hill, we entered a large grove and were soon lost in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in some places so exceedingly dark, that we had great difficulty to find our way. This LABYRINTH OF ALLEGORY, as it was called, was held by the ancients in a kind of superstitious reverence. The gloom of it was often so great that we were ready to tumble at every step; and wherever the shade was softened by a twilight sufficient for us just to discover our way, there was something very delightful, as well as venerable, in the scene.

In other parts of the garden we saw beds of most beautiful flowers, and a great number of trees; but not a single Fruit-tree. Among shrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth, and depth, ran the Heliconian stream. The lesser rivulets on account of the vast multitude of people continually dabbling in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, though extremely deep, was as clear as crystal. The water had sometimes this peculiar quality, that whoever looked into it, saw his own face reflected with great beauty, though never deformed; insomuch that several were known to pine away there, in a violent affection for their own persons. At the end of the garden were several courts of judicature, where causes were then hanging. The lesser court, which was that of criticism, was prodigiously crowded: for (as we observed afterwards) all those who had lost their ci-

defendant in the principal court, turned in and became plaintiffs in their turn, on pretence of little trespasses. In the principal court actions were brought on the statute of mainmorte chiefly by the ancients, and some celebrated suits, against their editors and amenders, and against wrongs against their interpreters and translators. Not a few indictments were brought by larceny, and those chiefly by the Roman against the modern Latin ones.

far from these was the stable, or *ecurie* of his majesty. I was greatly surprized to see more of the Pegasus. The grooms were just then watering them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The first was the Epic Pegasus. It was a very large horse, had been taught the *manege*, and performed with great stateliness. The Pindaric was by one who had wings: his motions were irregular, sudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a very small, exceedingly delicate in its shape, and much more than any of the rest, particularly than the other steed, which foamed and pulled with such violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider could keep him in. As I attempted to stroke him, he dashed his ears back, and struck out his heels with great vehemence, and made me cautious of placing myself in the way of the Satiric Pegasus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert, which every six or seven paces kicked up, and very much resembled the former, size only reduced. Besides these, there were several others, which did not properly belong to Apollo's stud, but which were employed in many useful, but menial offices, as subservient to the rest.

It was impossible to pass by the stables without making some inquiry after the original Pegasus, so

much celebrated, and the sire from whom a last-mentioned drew their pedigree. A souring fellow of a critic, whose province it was to him, informed me with great expressions of sorrow 'That the old horse was really quite worn having been rode through all sorts of roads, sorts of errands: for that there was scarce a living or dead, or even a boy who had been years at school, but had been upon him, either leave or without: that he had long ago lost his broke his knees, and slipped his shoulder; and therefore Apollo, in pity to the poor beast, prevent such barbarity for the future, had ordered an edict to be fixed on the door of the stable no person or persons within his realms should the future ride or drive him, without first producing his proper licence and qualification.'

At length we arrived at the highest part of the mountain, where the Temple was situated. It was a large building of marble, of one colour, and all in the same order. The statues and bas-reliefs which adorned it, represented some well-known subjects of poetic History. The whole appeared at once solid and elegant, without that profusion of decorations, which fixes the eye to parts. The interior of the hall was painted with several subjects taken from the Iliad, the Æneid, and Paradise Lost. The figures of the Iliad had the passions and manners strongly characterized, with great simplicity of colouring in the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and softness of the Venetian school corresponded with the genius of Virgil. The Paradise Lost, as partaking of the fine colouring of the one, and of the force and energy of the other, with something more expressive in the language and images, greatly resembled the style of Rubens; while some of its more horrid scenes of embattled or tortured demons recalled to my

ld imagination and fierce spirit of a Michael  
D.

he upper end of the hall Apollo was seated on  
magnificent throne of folios richly gilt, and  
rrounded by a great number of poets both  
t and modern. Before him flamed an altar,  
a priestess of a very sleepy countenance con-  
y supplied with the fuel of such productions,  
the daily sacrifice which DULNESS is con-  
fering to the president of literature.

now at leisure to consider the place more  
vely, I saw inscribed on several pillars, names  
at repute in both the past and present age.  
indeed of the latter, though but lately en-  
, were nearly worn out; while others of an  
late, increased in clearness the longer they  
and by being more attentively viewed, aug-  
l their force, as the former became fainter.  
icular part of the temple was assigned for the  
ns of those persons, who adding to their  
k in life, a merit which might have dis-  
been them without the advantages of birth,  
double right to have their names preserved  
y, among the monuments of so august an

e view of so many objects, capable of in-  
the most insensible with emulation, I found  
touched with an ambition which little be-  
, and could not help inquiring what me-  
ould pursue to attain such an honour. But  
was deeply meditating upon the project,  
im enough to hope sharing to myself some  
ire corner in the temple, a sudden noise  
, and I found every thing to have been  
t effect of my imagination.

No. 122. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

BLACK-BOY ALLEY

SIR,

April 28.

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, who (you lately observed) live *the Lord knows how*. I flatter myself not the honour to be known to you even in person, for I seldom go abroad: but you seem by your writings, to be of a compassionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myself under your protection.

I am the son of an honest tradesman in Chelsea, and was born in a house that has descended to the family, from father to son, through several generations. I had my education at a grammar school in London, not far from the street where my father lived; and where he used frequently to call as he passed by, to remind my master that he hoped I should soon *go into Greek*: I verily believe the good man persuaded himself, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about sixteen years old, my father observed to me one day, as I was sitting with him in the little back shop, that it was now high time for me to determine what scheme of life to put upon me; and though I knew that my grandfather a little before his death, had expressed his desire of his being settled in the old trade, where he said I should be sure of *good will*, yet I answered my father without hesitation, that since he gave me leave to choose for myself, I was inclined to study philosophy.

, who was in raptures at hearing me make a learned profession, went that very day, and over the matter with an old friend of Wesham-College; and the result of their conference was, that I should be sent to study under the celebrated doctor Herman Boerhaave. I prepared very decently upon the occasion, and a few days arrived safely at Leyden, where I spent my time in reading the best books on the subject, and in a constant attendance on my masters, who expressed himself so pleased with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at last that I should be an honour to the profession.

It is very sorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that notwithstanding this great man's remarkable sagacity, he knew nothing of destiny; for since my return to England, I have lived seven years in London, distinguished in a narrow court, without opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my station. And what most mortifies me is, to see two of my fellow-students, who were esteemed

fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their ease in arm chariots upon springs, while I am obliged to walk humbly through the dirt, in a ragged coat and darned stockings, a decayed rapier, a brass-hilted sword by my side, and my face irretrievably void of shape and colour under my sunburnt skin. I assure you I do not carry there for

nor for fear of damaging my wig, but only to those who pass by, that I am a physician. You may wonder perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but alas! the good man had the misfortune to die insolvent soon after my departure. I had no friend to apply to for as-

My father, as I walked through a narrow passage in Martin's-lane, I saw a crowd of people ga-



thered together, and, in the midst of the fat woman upon the ground, in a fit brought her to herself; and as I was at her home, she kindly asked me to dine with her, upon entering her door, that she kept house; and, as I was going away after meal, she gave me a general invitation, for the good office I had done her, to stay and taste her mutton, whenever I came there. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of visiting her. But alas! those days of plenty were short, for it happened unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, and time when I assured the mother that she was out of danger. The manner in which she treated me upon this occasion, made it clear that I must once more return to a course of fasting.

As I was musing one morning, in a melancholy and solitary mood, with my leg in my hand, while she darned one of my stockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, and with my own experience and observations, some wholesome rules on the subject of diet, and then publish them in a neat pocket volume. I was always well inclined to do good to the poor, and however ungratefully it used me. I did not tell Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear smiling at a man, who was almost starved, talking of compiling observations on DIET. The day after I had finished my volume I ran with it to a bookseller, near the mansion-house; he looked at it, and set down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the shop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courted me into the parlour, and desired me to read it. *He did.* As soon as the cloth was taken

d my manuscript, and the bookseller put on spectacles; but to my no small mortification, glancing his eye over the title-page he looked upon me for near a minute, in a kind of manner at which I could not account for, and broke out in the following manner—‘ My sir! you are come to the very worst place in the world for the sale of such a performance as *Why, you might as soon expect the court of St. James’s permission to dedicate to them the life of Cornaro, as to think of preaching upon the* of *lean and sallow abstinence* between the Exchange and Temple-Bar.’ He added, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with the honestest man of the trade, who lived near Soho, who would probably venture to print for me on reasonable terms; and that if I pleased he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (on account of the violent agitation of my spirits) I re-

turned back to my lodging with a very heavy head and with the most gloomy prospect before me. I then put my favourite work into a hat-box, and placed it upon the head of my bed, and there it remained ever since.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy sir, is to recommend to the world, in one of your pamphlet proposals, as I will bring to you next morning, or any dark evening this week, for sale by subscription the result of my laborious inquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintenance. If I should fail in this attempt, I am at so low an ebb, that I must submit, for the safety of my person, to the confinement of a hospital, or pass the rest of my days, perhaps, under the same roof with the unfortunate THRO-

DORE, whose kingdom (I doubt) is not of world.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by putting this account, that others may take warning my sad example. That the idle vanity of when they read this story, may be restrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profession without the assistance of a private fortune, or the interest of great friends. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more the purpose of a physician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality, than the sagacity of a Boerhaave; for let him have what share of learning he pleases, if he has nothing better to commend him to public favour, he must be content to hunger and thirst in a garret up four stairs.

I am, Sir,

(with all possible respect)

*the unfortunate*

T.

No. 123. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

————— *Dapibus, supremi*  
*Grata Testudo Jovis.* —————

Hon.

If there be truth in the common maxim, 'That He deserves best of his country, who can make blades of grass grow where only one grew' how truly commendable must it be (since it is a great merit to provide for the beasts of the field) to add to the sustenance of man! and what thanks are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a dish, I do not mean the confounding, hash!

disguising of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of transposing the bodies of ; serving up flesh in skins of fish, or the : of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English of macerating substances, and reducing all : to one uniform consistency and taste, which a good housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, Louis the fourteenth would not have given the to I he promised for the invention of a sixth of architecture, to the man who should have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as thro' neglect or caprice we have lost some eatables which our ancestors held in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the swan, it should seem regret, in the ordinary revolution of things, to restore what has been laid aside, by the introduction of the eatable which was not known to our predecessors. But though invention may claim the first great honour is due to the restorer of lost ; wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish sufficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would employ themselves to recover the secret of fattening and preparing for the table such creatures, as from which we do not at present know how to treat: and I should think it would be a noble employment for lovers of antiquity, to study to restore those invaluable sources of luxury, the salt-water stews of the ancients.

all the improvements in the modern kitchen, we are none can bear a comparison with the invention of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for several others, to the generous and benevolent zeal of the West-Indians. profusion of luxury with which the Creolian in I covers his board, is intended only as a foil

to the more exquisite dainties of America. pride is to triumph in your neglect of the for while he labours to serve you from the vast which smokes under his face, and occasions him toil almost as intolerable, as that of his slaves in plantations. But he would die in the service rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I shall here give my readers a most full account of the only turtle feast I ever had the honour to be present at.

Towards the latter end of last summer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though not an Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own use. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the shells of that animal, which were disposed in great order along the walls; I stood so long in astonishment at their size and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach who had traversed the court to receive me. I could find he was not displeased to see my attention so deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, says he, if you love turtle shew you a sight; and bidding me follow him he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a vast cistern, round which there were twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days provision for the turtles; for each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the house, and shewed me some blankets of a particular sort, These, he said, are what the turtle lie in at night: They are particularly adapted to this use: I have established

cture of them in the West-Indies. But you are curious in these matters, continued shew you some more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as fine saws, chizels, and instruments of dissection, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomist. One was destined to dissect a rib; another to scrape the callipash; the third to disjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; many others, for purposes which I could not describe. The next scene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been reared up like a mouth of a most uncommon capacity, prepared for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be drest that very day, and which my friend insisted I should stay to partake of. I would have been excused; but he would not be deterred from proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner, and assuring me, that if I did not happen to like it, I need not fear the consequence. He then ordered something to make out a dinner; for that purpose, though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed upon to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then showed me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day; and bid me observe, that though it had been dead two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This seemed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly see a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with, now and then, more distinguishable convulsions. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she threw all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and immediately fled out of the kitchen. My friend en-

deavoured to satisfy me, by saying that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered, 'There is a fleet arrived from the West-Indies.' He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspense, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over the animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part; and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipped on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that though they then hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door, there entered a whole shoal of guests: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal; and I thought it remarkable, that in so large a number,

ld not be one who was a whole minute the time: nay, the very cook was punctual. The lady of the house appeared, on this very day, the moment the dinner was on the table. Upon her first entrance, she ordered the shell to be removed from the upper table, declaring she could not bear the sight of it so near her. It was immediately served a couple of boiled chickens, to the great delight of all who sat in her neighbourhood, who followed with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they could never taste one of the good bits. In the mean time they send their plates and solicit their plunderers, who were now in possession of the empty shells, were sensible to no call but that of their own appetites, and till they had satisfied themselves were not one that would listen to any other. The eagerness, however, and dispatch of the city having soon shrunk the choice pieces, the plunderers, desirous to help their friends to the coarser thereby they cleared their way for the better other delicacies; boasting aloud all the while that they had not sent one good bit to the bottom of the table.

The meat was all made away with, and remained but what adhered to the shell, our hero who during the whole time had taken nobody but himself, began to exercise his instruments; and amidst his efforts to promote himself more, broke out in praise of the superiority of the spinal marrow, which he was applying himself to, and for the goodness of the company had his word.

The guests having now drank up all the gravy, and cleaned the shells quite clean, the cloth was removed, and the wine brought upon the table. This change produced nothing new in the con-



versation. No hunters were ever more loud in posthumous fame of the hero of their sport, than epicures in memory of the turtle. To give so little variety to the discourse, I asked if they had ever tried any other creature which might possibly resemble this excellent food: and proposed the experiment of an alligator, whose scales seem to be intended by nature for the production of green fat. I was stopt short in my reasoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the alligator, there had been found so strong a perfume in flesh, that the stomach nauseated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of musk which is always discovered in the head of the animal. I had however the satisfaction to perceive that my question did me no discredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no less than twelve invitations to turtle for the ensuing summer. Besides the honour herein designed me, I consider these invitations as having more real value than many shares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-sea year; and I make no doubt but that, the time they become due, they will be remarkable in Change-alley. For as the gentlemen at White have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the surplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furnish a hint to Change-alley, where it will soon be as common to transfer shares in turtle, as in any other kind of stock.

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No. 124. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

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My correspondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me, for so long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can say to this gentleman, and to the

whose letters have lain by me almost an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own, has occasioned any such delay.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

My highest ambition is to appear in the cause of the fair sex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity much, as the honour of standing, in this degenerate age, the single champion of those, whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time seems more proper for this kind of gallantry, than the present; now, when the graver sort of men are continually throwing out sarcastic hints, at least, if not even invectives, against their lovely country women; and the younger and more sprightly are, from now not what cause, less forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their services, I leave me to offer to you, and your politeness, a few thoughts on this interesting subject. The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, loaded these injured beauties with the charge of coquetry and inconstancy; a charge, applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but no means to be admitted to the particular praise of the most amiable part of the species. History and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the disposition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receives a colour from the climate in which they are born. Yet the same sentiments do not always spring from the same soil. Some strong particularity of genius distinguishes every æra of a nation. From hence arises what, in the language of the polite world, we call FASHION; as variable in regard to principles as dress. It would be, in

these days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to the maxims of an old Englishman, as to str in a short cloak and trunk hose. The same tude of character takes place among the their conduct however, has been still consis irreproachable ; for they have always act the dictates of fashion.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as able for public spirit as those of Great were by no means so fond of public diversi appears from a hint which Horace has left they were with difficulty prevailed on even upon holidays. In this, we may observe, th ly differed from those Sabine dames, fro they derived there boasted extraction : strongly did they think themselves bound restrictions of FASHION, that they refused tate their illustrious ancestors, in that very stance, to which their empire owed its orig

We need not look back so far into anti instances of this kind ; our own times m supply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the the last century, was the reigning passion tyrants, to whom they devoted their hear labours, and their understandings. No ma sume, will cast such an imputation on th race of beauties : their influence is more their glory is of a more exalted nature : their characteristic. It would be a piece dence to assert, that they do not in ever excel their relentless great grandmothers. Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfectio fair contemporaries. To what then, but th compassion of these gentle creatures, ca cribed a kind of miracle, a seeming chan constitution of nature ? Till poetry and are forgotten, the miseries of love will b

Authors of the highest reputation have not d to assure us, that the lovers of their days y frequently forget to eat and drink ; nay, ey sometimes proceeded so far as to hang or themselves, for the sake of the cruel nymphs adored. Whence comes it then, that in an which suicide is not unknown, no instances be met with of this disinterested conduct ? space of many years, I do not remember one, and that one occasioned by the lady's less, not of heart, but of conscience. Matter therefore, proves the truth of my assertion ; dness have laid aside the bloody disposition an idols ; insomuch, that scarce any man has seen a lover's bier covered with cypress, ed, with so much as a willow garland. ere ingratitude not to acknowledge, to whom indebted for so great a blessing. The cele- inventors of modern romance, together with icious writers of the stage, have the honour g the deliverers of their countrymen. So ar- have they pleaded the public cause, that the re at last content to throw up the reins, to unmeaning flattery, instead of tender sighs, mit innocent freedom, in the place of distant on. They have learnt to indulge their ad- with frequent opportunities of gazing on harms, and are grown too generous to conceal hem even the little failings of their tempers, i this all : while the persuasive eloquence e gentlemen has found the way to soften the of the fair sex, they have animated the reso- of others ; for by them are we instructed in nning art of modest assurance, and furnished he *dernier resort* of indifference.

I will not be surprized, sir, that I speak so y on this subject, when you are informed how

great a share of the public felicity falls to my  
 Had the fashionable polity of this kingdom continued in the same situation, in which it stood hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the most unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more susceptible of tender impressions than mine, nor my resolution strong enough to hold out against slightest attacks of a pair of bright eyes. I, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but can never be too lavish of my applause to those generous beauties, who have been the authors of my pains: so far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or insulting the miseries they occasioned, that they have constantly employed the most effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is, that I have arrived at the fifth third year of my life, without the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleasure on the dangers I have escaped, and go forward with comfort on the peace and quietness up for my old age. This, sir, is my case; gratitude prompts me to publish the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the same time of subscribing myself,

*Your constant reader, admirer,  
 And very humble servant*

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No. 125. THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

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HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly confirmed: for if we observe the behaviour of

ite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) shall see that their whole lives are one continued race ; in which every one is endeavouring to displace all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, who are before him ; every one is flying from inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, wholly from vanity with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous scene of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the noblesse. There are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum* : there is no such thing as common people among them ; between vanity and gain, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, attending with the learning at charity-schools, the insatiable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women ; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attorneys' clerks and city mistresses dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting house for St. James's ; and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which neither of them receives much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in coaches, equipage, and expences of every kind. The gentry, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank ;

and are even there quickly overtaken by their merciful pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse utterly destroyed. We chuse our companions for their wit and learning, good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the lightning, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding at a gaming-house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals. And every self-conceited girl, in fashionable society, chuses rather to endure the affected silence and painful head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is probable that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is ever to be found the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently in such company, little is said, and less attended to; no disposition appears either to p[ro]

to be pleased themselves; but that in the all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications are introduced, endued with the power of reducing all men's understandings, and their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted out of perpetual warfare, between the *good company* in this country, has subsisted for half a last past; in which the former have been continually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of their resources for superior distinction; innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of ornaments; every one of which they have been obliged to follow, as soon as occupied by their impertinents. In vain have they armed themselves with sword and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in buckram and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed perriwigs and toupees; to high-crowns, and low-heads, and no heads at all: in vain have they bestowed riches on the competitors, and have procured them equal finery. Hair has been worn genteelly on one side of Temple-bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a size in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

As little success have operas, oratorios, riots, and other expensive diversions been in, to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have made the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this

has in some measure been obviated by the influence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and any other wise considerations, have usually refused paying them at all.



For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides: except that on a twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their count-

so visible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection they have still one asylum left to fly to, with all their advantages of birth and education; surprising they should not long since have died; but since they have not, I shall begin to point it out; and it is this: that they once retire to the long-deserted forts of true Bridgwater, their princely seats and magnificent palaces in their several countries; and there, armed with religion and virtue, hospitality, civility and friendship, bid defiance to pertinent pursuers. And though I will not say that they shall not, even here, be followed and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are ranks of people at present to this sort of life, so totally disused from the exercise of arms, and so unwilling to return to the sea, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here only, they may enjoy their favourability unmolested, for half a century to

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. 126. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

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favoured by a correspondent with the following instructive piece, which he calls

#### THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

Good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a measure it is; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Alas! every object that attracts our notice, has its

bright and its dark side: he that habituates to look at the displeasing side, will sour his tion, and consequently impair his happiness: he who constantly beholds it on the bright: sensibly meliorates his temper, and in cons of it, improves his own happiness, and the h of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. T both of them women in years, and alike i fortune, education, and accomplishments. Th originally alike in temper too; but by differ nagement are grown the reverse of each Arachne has accustomed herself to look onl dark side of every object. If a new poem makes its appearance, with a thousand bri and but one or two blemishes, she slightl over the passages that should give her pleas dwells upon those only that fill her with If you shew her a very excellent portrait, s at some part of the drapery which has be lected, or to a hand or finger that has been finished. Her garden is a very beautiful o kept with great neatness and elegancy; bu take a walk with her in it, she talks to yo thing but blights and storms, of snails and pillars, and how impossible it is to keep it f litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If down in one of her temples, to enjoy a de prospect, she observes to you, that there much wood or too little water; that the d sunny or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or and finishes with a long harangue upon the edness of our climate. When you retur her to the company, in hopes of a little c conversation, she casts a gloom over all, i ing you the history of her own bad health some melancholy accident that has befallen

ter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks in spirits, and the spirits of all around her, it discovers, she knows not why, that her grave.

is the reverse of all this. By constantly turning herself to look only on the bright side, she preserves a perpetual cheertuinness which by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune happens, she considers it might have been worse, thankful to Providence for an escape. She

solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of herself; and in society, because she can taste the happiness she enjoys. She copies man's virtues to his failings, and can find something to cherish and applaud in the least of her acquaintance. She opens every

a desire to be entertained or instructed, and seldom misses what she looks for. In her, though it be but a heath or a wood, and she will discover numberless beau-

ty observed before, in the hills, the dales, the brakes, and the variegated flowers and poppies. She enjoys every change of season, as bringing with it some health or convenience. In conversation it

with her never to start a subject that leads to gloomy or disagreeable; you there-

hear her repeating her own grievances, her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) her imperfections. If any thing of the

kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has address to turn it into entertainment, by the most odious railing into a pleasant-

Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, draws poison from the fairest flowers. The

consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom; the other a contin sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these *minutiae* of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring the arrival of any little piece of good news, or what ever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us regard to our company. The clown may repine the sunshine that ripens his harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

Thus does good manners, as well as good sense direct us to look at every object on the bright side and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice may every woman arrive at that easy benevolence of

the world calls good-nature, and the scrip-  
charity, whose natural and never-failing fruit  
PPINESS.

cannot better conclude this paper than with  
following ode, which I received from another  
spondent, and which seems to be written in the  
spirit of cheerfulness with the above essay :

### ODE TO MORNING.

*The sprightly messenger of day,  
To Heav'n ascending tunes the lay,  
That wakes the blushing Morn:  
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise;  
And hail the Pow'r, whose glad supplies  
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.*

*Far hence, retire, O NIGHT! thy praise,  
Majestic queen! in nobler lays  
Already has been sung:  
When thine own spheres expire, thy name  
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,  
Immortalized by YOUNG.*

*See, while I speak, AURORA sheds  
Her early honours o'er the meads,  
The springing vallies smile;  
With cheerful haste, the village swain  
Renews the labours of the plain,  
And meets th' accustomed toil.*

*Day's monarch comes to bless the year!  
Wing'd ZEPHYRS wanton round his car,  
Along th' æthereal road;  
PLENTY and HEALTH attend his beams,  
And TRUTH, divinely bright, proclaims  
The visit of the God.*

*Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres  
 The great FIRST CAUSE, that bade the sph  
 In tuneful order move :  
 Thine is the sable-mantled night,  
 Unseen ALMIGHTY ! and the light  
 The radiance of thy love.*

*Hark ! the awaken'd grove repays  
 With melody the genial rays,  
 And echo spreads the strain ;  
 The streams in grateful murmurs run,  
 The bleating flocks salute the sun,  
 And music glads the plain.*

*While nature thus her charms displays,  
 Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,  
 That op'ning flow'rs diffuse ;  
 TEMP'RANCE and INNOCENCE attend,  
 These are your haunts, your influence lend,  
 Associates of the MUSE !*

*RIOT, and GUILT, and wasting CARE,  
 And fell REVENGE, and black DESPAIR,  
 Avoid the morning's light ;  
 Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose.  
 Their restless passions to compose,  
 Who VIRTUE's dictates slight.*

*Along the mead, and in the wood,  
 And on the margin of the flood,  
 The Goddess walks confest ;  
 She gives the landscape pow'r to charm,  
 The Sun his genial heat, to warm  
 The wise and generous breast.*

*Happy the man ! whose tranquil mind  
 Sees nature in her changes kind,  
 And pleas'd the whole surveys ;*

*For him the morn benignly smiles,  
And evening shades reward the toils  
That measure out his days.*

*The varying year may shift the scene,  
The sounding tempest lash the main,  
And Heav'n's own thunders roll ;  
Calmly he views the bursting storm,  
Tempests nor thunder can deform  
The morning of his soul.*

C. B.

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No. 127. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

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*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?  
Quem sese ore ferens ? —*

VIRG.

THOUGH I profess myself a zealous advocate modern fashion, and have countenanced some of its boldest innovations, yet I cannot but recall approbation, when I see it making some very singular and unjustifiable sallies, in opposition to policy and reasons of state. In testimony of perfect quietism I have hitherto observed in this respect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one syllable in praise of the good roast beef of old England, since the conspiracy set on foot to banish it from the Creolian epicures totally to banish it from our island. On the other hand, it is well known I have lately presented at a turtle feast in person, and have this very hour several more engagements upon my hands. I have acquiesced likewise with great submission to sudden revolutions in dress, as well as taste: I have submitted, in opposition to the clamours of a zealous party, to dismantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promise from my fair coun-



trywomen (in compliance to the application of young men) that they would leave the legs at least as visible as before. I have no objection to their wearing the cardinal, but not the habit of popish etymology, and was, I first invented to hide the sluttishness (or dishabille. Nay, I have even connived at the transportation of *rouge*, upon serious conviction a fine woman has an incontestible right to the possession of her own complexion; neither do I think that we have any pretence to subject her to the necessity of telling us on the morrow, that she was under engagement to keep the night, or a grievance, which through the extreme paleness of her natural complexion, could be in any way remedied.

My absolute compliance in so many instances, will I hope secure me from any imputation of prejudice against the dominion of fashion. I am at last under the necessity of opposing the fashion has introduced under its sanction, one of the most dangerous and impolitic customs that was ever admitted into a commonwealth, which is the total and unconstitutional practice of *TOILETTE*. The evil tendency of this practice, and such unanswerable arguments to evince, that it will not banish it from our island, and send it to the confines of Circassia, from whence one could suspect a lady of quality would have been first introduced as to have imported it.

I must first premise, which is not generally credited, that it is of Turkish extraction (I speak as a *man*) I profess I dread lest it should be a means of introducing, in these *opera* more alarming practices of the seraglio.

It seems likewise, by the by, to strike at the belief of *absolute predestination*; for (as a zealous Calvinist gravely remarked) is it not very plain

a young lady to attempt securing not above spots in her face, when perhaps it is *absolutely* she shall have two hundred, or none

o my first argument. The world, in gene-

I pay no regard to what the author of the letters asserts to the contrary) is certainly over-peopled; and the proofs of it in this measure, we cannot but visibly remark, in the conduct of builders, masons, &c. to fit up houses for the increasing supernumeraries. This necessity had in a great measure been hitherto remedied, by the proper number of people who were removed by the small-pox in the natural way; at least, in *seven* dying, to the great ease and convenience of the survivors; whereas since *small-pox* has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our population that way are entirely at an end; not above *one* hundred being taken off, to the great inconvenience of society. So that, unless we should have a war upon the continent, we shall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, by the multiplicity of our people, whom we maintain by this unnatural method of keeping alive. A second argument was suggested to me by a worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning taking some fresh air in the park. I accosted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the first interview. 'What do you do to town, Sir?' 'My wife, sir, (says he, in a melancholy tone) my wife. It had pleased heaven the first four years of our marriage, to live quietly in the country, and to employ herself in sitting at her table, visiting her neighbours, or attending her nursery: and if ever a wish broke out for diversions of the town, it was easily soothed again, by my saying, with accents of ten-

derness, My dear, we would certainly see this spring, but my last letters tell me, the pox is very much there. But no sooner had I heard the fatal success of INOCULATION, than I insisted on the trial of it; has succeeded; having baffled my old valuable argument to keep in the country, has hurried me to town, and is most industriously making up her four years' time at the abbey, by entering with the most rageous spirit into every party of pleasure she possibly partake of.'

The inference I would make from my first story, is, not that the nation is deprived here of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country; an abuse, I would by no means countenance; but to shew only to our sagacious politicians, that they are searching for more important reasons, than the undoubtedly owing to the increase of INOCULATION together with the number of convenient turnpike roads, that so many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hospitable seats, and roll away safety and tranquillity to town, to the great detriment of country neighbourhood, and the insupportable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

Another ill consequence of this practice I have remarked more than once, in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally disposed to be a little insolent; and a consciousness of superior charms, where the possession is confined to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and sallies of haughtiness to those of avowed inferiority in that respect. That air of defiance, so visible in the looks of the finest women, which in the last age was softened and corrected with some small traits of modesty and timidity; while the unhappy group of

who bear about them those honourable  
 which they ought to be revered, can  
 meet with a beauty who will drop them a-  
 or a beau who will lead them to their cha-

r do I think it for the advantage of a com-  
 h to be overstocked with beauties. They

tedly the most suitable furniture for pub-  
 very proper objects to embellish an as-  
 room, and the prettiest points of view in  
 ; but it is believed by some, that your  
 men, whose understandings are not per-  
 admiration, make the discreetest wives,  
 best mothers: so that to secure a constant  
 fit and ugly women to act in these neces-  
 cities, this modern invention for the pre-  
 of pretty faces ought no doubt to be abo-  
 ince, on a just computation, ten fine wo-  
*annum* (which we can never want in Eng-  
 ll be sufficient to entertain the *beau monde*  
 le season, and compleatly furnish all the  
 aces every night if properly disposed.

some thoughts of laying these arguments  
 INOCULATION before the legislature, in  
 it they would strengthen them with their  
 , and give them the sanction of a law  
 pernicious an invention: but I was dis-  
 by a friend, who convinced me, that how-  
 I might be in my opinion, that our peo-  
 growing too numerous, and in the cause  
 I imputed it, the pernicious success of  
 ion; yet it might be impolitic to at-  
 ducing them at this critical season, when  
 ature may have occasion to dispose of them  
 er way. He proposed to me, as the most  
 means of suppressing this growing evil,  
 should be recommended to some zealous

and fashionable preacher to denounce his anathemas against it, which would not fail to deter all the doctors of quality from the practice of it. But I would rather propose, that a golden medal should be given by the college of physicians to the ablest of the profession, who should publish the completest treatise to prove (as undoubtedly might be proved) 'That whatever distemper any person shall die at *seventy years of age*, must infallibly be owing to his having been INOCULATED at *seven*: and that every person who has had the small pox by INOCULATION, may have it afterwards *ten times* in the natural way.'

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No. 128. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

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MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who being advised by his physicians to abstain from salt, asked what else they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined cursing one minute the Bologna sausages, and the other the dried tongues he had eaten, was some mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of humour or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be much quieter one than we see it at present. But dried tongues and sausages have no feeling of displeasure; therefore we reserve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in fame, or sow the seeds of discord in his family, gives happiness to himself.

I once knew a husband and wife, who with

at least tincture of affection for each other, by single accomplishment of mind or person, a snift to live comfortably enough, by contriving equally to the abuse of their acquaintance. consideration of one another's uneasiness, or was still better, that it was in their power to it, kept pain, sickness, and misfortune from ng them too nearly. They collected separate scandal of the day, and made themselves any for one another, by consulting how they disperse it with additions and improvements. known the wife to have been cured of a fit choleric, by the husband's telling her that a lady of her acquaintance was run off with her's footman; and I once saw the husband sit a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon ringing him the news that a very particular of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their at cards were what chiefly tormented them; much from a principle of avarice, as from consideration that what They had lost, others on; and upon these occasions the family peace en sometimes disturbed. But a fresh piece idal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the ourhood, has immediately set matters right, ade them the happiest people in the world. ink it is an observation of the witty and inge- author of Tom Jones (I forget his words) that ly unhappy situation in marriage is a state of ce. Where people love one another, says y have great pleasure in obliging; and where ate one another, they have equal pleasure in ng. But where they have neither love nor , and of consequence, no desire either to or plague, there can be no such thing as hap- That this observation may be true in ge- i very readily allow; yet I have instanced a

couple who, though as indifferent to each other it was possible for man and wife to be, have contrived to be happy through the misfortune of their friends.

But it is nevertheless true of happiness, that it is principally to be found at home; and therefore it is that in most families one visits, one sees the husband and wife (instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another: and after a succession of disputes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, pouts, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat separately into company, and are the easiest and pleasantest people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe few married couples will deny; especially if they have not together a fortnight, and of course are grown tired of obliging. But it has been very luckily discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participating so also are our joys; and that unless the pleasure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, happiness of either can by no means be perfect. The wife therefore of a meek and tender disposition, who makes it the study of her life to please and oblige her husband; and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest object of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a wife may exert himself nobly, and have all the pleasure to himself; but I would advise him to enjoy it with some little caution, because (though the wheel-bills take no notice of it) there is really such an ease as a broken heart; and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the husband of such a woman: for unless a man goes into company with the conscious pleasure of having left his wife miserable at home, his temper may not be proof against every accident

neet with abroad; but having first of all d his spleen and ill-humour upon his own e goes into company prepared to be pleasa-appy with every thing that occurs: or if and disappointments should unavoidably he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can ith interest every vexation he has received. was honestly and wisely said by the old f seventy, who, when his officer asked him ame to marry at so great an age, answered, nd please your honour, they teaze and put f humour abroad, and so I go home and wife.' And indeed happy is it for society have commonly such repositories for their urs; for I can truly assert, that the easiest, natured, and the most entertaining man I t of his own house, is the most tyrannical rother, husband, and father in the whole nd who, if he had no family to make mi- t home, would be the constant disturber party abroad.

am far from limiting this particular privi- e husband: the wife has it sometimes in her a enjoy equal happiness. For instance, woman of family and spirit condescends to : a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whose in peace, quietness, and domestic en- s; such a woman may continually fill his th routs and hurricanes; she may teaze him with her superiority of birth; she may is heart with jealousy, and waste his sub- rioting and gaming. She will have one ad- too over the male tyrant, inasmuch as she y her triumph beyond the grave, by mak- hildren of her husband's footman the inhe- his fortune.

as an advocate for matrimony, I have en-



tered into a particular disquisition of its princ comforts; and that no motives may be wanting induce men to engage in it, I have endeavourer shew that it is next to an impossibility for a c to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and in ference as well as either (I mean if people h sense enough to make a right use of their frie misfortunes) is sufficient for happiness. Indeed is hard to guess, when one reads in the public pers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between right honourable lord Somebody, and lady B Such-a-one, whether his lordship's and the lat passion be love or hatred: and, to say truth, i of very little consequence to which of these p sions their desire of coming together is first owi it being at least six to four, that in the compass a month, they hate one another heartily. But not this deter any of my readers from entering i the state of matrimony; since the pleasure of *obl ing* the object of our *desires*, is at least equalled the pleasure of *tormenting* the object of our *averci*

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No. 129. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

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I SHALL make no apology for the following mis laneous letters, unless it be to the writers of th for so long delaying their publication.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

The late earl Marshal applying to a bookseller Paris for some English books, was answered by t Frenchman that he had none in his shop, except t *petite bagatelle*, called the Bible. Your readers w

be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the book-  
 er termed it, contains (among other matters)  
 one little treatises of eastern wisdom, and parti-  
 cularly certain maxims collected by one king Solo-  
 mon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems.  
 Solomon was, as captain Bluff says of Scipio, a pretty  
 fellow in his day, though most of his maxims have  
 been confuted by experience. But I only make  
 mention of him, to shew how exactly the *virtuous*  
*woman* of that monarch corresponds with the *fine*  
*lady* of the present times.

HO can find a *virtuous woman*? says Solomon.  
 the way, he must have kept sad company, or  
*virtuous women* were extremely scarce in those  
 days; for it will be no boast to say that five thou-  
 sand *virtuous women* may be assembled at any time  
 in his metropolis, on a *night's* warning. Solomon  
 describes the character so that it is not easy to mis-  
 take it. *She bringeth her food from afar*. That is  
 to say, the tea-table of the *virtuous woman* is sup-  
 plied with sugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and  
 with tea from China: the bread and butter and scan-  
 dal only being the produce of her native country.  
*She riseth whilst it is yet night*. This cannot lite-  
 rally be said of our modern *virtuous women*; but one  
 may venture to assert, that if to rise while it is yet  
 night, be the characteristic of virtue, to sit up the  
 whole night, and thereby have no occasion for ris-  
 ing at all, must imply no ordinary measure of  
 goodness. *She strengtheneth her arms*. This is a  
 circumstance of some delicacy: Such mysteries suit  
 not the vulgar ear. The husband of the *virtuous*  
*woman* may say, as the poet says of friendship with  
 great, *expertus metuit*. *She maketh herself co-*  
*s of tapestry; her cloathing is silk and purple*.  
 s plainly indicates that no lady can be consum-  
 mately *virtuous*, unless she wear brocaded silks, and

robings of French embroidery. To these Sol with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds p ribbons. This passage is liable to misapplica but the words *she MAKETH herself coverings*, not that a *virtuous woman* must of necessity work-woman; *to make*, signifies *to occasion the ing of any thing*: thus a person is said *to mak rest*, when, in truth, it is not he, but his mone makes the interest. Thus Augustus fought b by proxy; and thus many respectable perso beget children. So that a *virtuous woman* nei embroider in person: let her *pay* for the wor bespeaks, and no more is required. *Her husb known in the gates*. More universally known l relation to his wife, than by his own name. you are told at public places, ‘That is Mrs. St one’s husband, or he that married Lady St one.’ *He sitteth among the elders of the land* White’s, where the elders of the land ass themselves.

Let me add one more instance of the simi between a *fine lady* and the *virtuous woman* of mon, and I have done. When a lady returns l at five in the morning, from the nocturnal mys of brag, how must the heart of her husband when he sees her flambeaux rivalling the light sun! May he not cry out in the words of the e monarch, *Blessed is the virtuous woman; her goeth not out by night?*

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble servant*

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I have had the honour of sitting in the thre parliaments: for as it was always my opinio an honest man should sacrifice every private sideration to the service of his country, I s

expence at my elections, nor afterwards to support an interest in my borough, by giving annuities to the corporation, building a town-hall, a kitchen-house, a new steeple to the church, together with a present of a ring of bells, that used to stun them with their noise. To defray all these expences, I was obliged to mortgage my estate to its full value, excepting only two thousand pounds, which I took up against the last general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an opposition. What I heard was true; an absolute stranger had declared himself a candidate; I thought I spent every farthing of my two thousand pounds, and was promised the votes and interest of the mayor and corporation, they every man went against me, and I lost my election.

As I have now no opportunity of serving my country, and have a wife and seven small children to maintain, I have been at last concerting means how I might do a small service to myself: and there are many worthy gentlemen at present in the unfortunate situation, I cannot think of a better expedient, than to recommend to the parliament at their next meeting, the passing an act for raising a fund towards the building and endowing an hospital for the relief and support of decayed members.

I mention it thus early, because I would give the legislature time to deliberate upon such a proposal. I rely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if the loss of a limb should be sufficient to entitle the meanest soldier or man in the service to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the disabled patriot, who has sacrificed his family and fortune to the interest of his country.

Your inserting this letter, will greatly oblige, sir,

*Your very humble servant,*

B. D.

P. S. All gentlemen residing in town, who lost their fortunes by former parliaments, and elections in this, are desired to meet on Saturday the 21st of this instant June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the cat and bagpipe, in St. Giles' consider of the above proposal, or of any other and means for their immediate support.

N. B. A dinner will be provided at nine-pence a head.

SIR,

The prostitution of characters, given in behalf of bad servants, has been long a grievance, demanding the attention of the public. Give me leave to awaken it, by a specimen from my own experience.

Some time since, an old servant left me, on short notice. I had another recommended, as *honest*, by a neighbouring family, whom he served. As I was pressed for time, I took him that single qualification in lieu of all the rest; relying upon the repeated assurance of his integrity, I reposed an entire confidence in him. In some little time, however, finding an increase of expense in the articles under his particular management, I discovered upon observation, that the perquisite rather plunder of his province, had been not only doubled. His dismissal, you may imagine, excited a complaint to the persons who had recommended him. The answer was, that they knew him to be a bad fellow, by the tricks he had played them; that they would not say a word of it, because they thought it *wicked* to hinder him of a place.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be the *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into people's houses; and I take for the future a bare acquittal at the

ry, as a better recommendation than that of such.

I am, Sir,

*Your humble servant,*

A. B.

The abuse complained of by this correspondent is too serious a nature to be passed over slightly. It is to this mistaken compassion that the disorderly behaviour of servants is, perhaps, principally owing: if the punishment of dishonesty be only a change of name (which may be a reward, instead of a punishment) it ceases to be a servant's interest to be true to his trust.

The prostitution of characters (as my correspondent calls it) is grown so common, that a servant who has committed the most palpable robbery, which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, composedly in your face, and very modestly you will not refuse him a character, *for he is too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of his master's servant, who has nothing but his character to depend on for bread.* So away he goes, and you really so *very worthy a gentleman*, as to assure any person who enquires about him, that he is a diligent, and *faithful* servant. Thus are you ready to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in your humble opinion, to be deemed little less than necessary by the law: for the servant who opens the door of his master's house to the thief that plunders it, differs from you only in the motive; the consequences are the same.

We said in a former paper, that the behaviour of servants depends in a great measure on that of their masters and mistresses. In this instance, I repeat it does: I shall therefore conclude this paper

per with advising all heads of families to give *h* characters, before they allow themselves to ex-  
against *dishonest* servants.

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No. 130. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your first WORLD made its appearance, I just entering into, what is called, polite life, and mightily pleased at your promising to direct your maids how to get husbands. I was then just eight not disagreeable in my person; and by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been instructed in the necessary accomplishments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a sincere friend, resolved to keep strictly to all the rules you should prescribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I should have choice of admirers, or probably be married. But, would you believe, I have not so much as one man, who makes any sort of pretensions to me. I am at a loss to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of the errors, which you and all sober men exclaim much against: I hate routs, seldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myself. Plays are the only public amusements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company.—Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I assure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive, but yet I have the assurance to shew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very inde-

, to atone in some measure for this neglect, am seen without a handkerchief, nor with coats above my shoes.

My fortune is rather beyond what is usual, I never run into any extravagancy and to avoid particularity, am never the least in a fashion. I am an utter enemy to idleness, and never go out of a morning either to the city or the park. If by chance I am alone in the afternoon, I am never at a loss how to pass my time, being fond of reading. I have an aversion to coquetry, yet am the cheerfullest creature, and never better pleased than when at a country dance, which I can do for a night together; without either falling in love with a partner, if agreeable, or quarrelling with an awkward.

They may pretend to deny it, but certainly the consequence of their actions leads to the disposing of themselves advantageously in the world. Some think it one way, and some another; all of them using what they think the most likely means to succeed. Now I am sure, when they pursue the wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to them; for were they to admire women for their prudence, good-humour and good sense, as we do for beauty, we should seek no other ornaments.

They ought to set the example, and then reproach those who follow it, by making them good.

But instead of this, they make it their business to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; when they have effectually done, they exclaim on the folly of the whole sex, and either squander our fortunes by marrying our granddaughters, or die bachelors.

I pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the case, how can encouragement have a young woman to set



about improving her mind? I am sure in the circle of my acquaintance, I have known several women who have reached their thirtieth year, noticed, whose good qualities are such as would make it difficult to find men to deserve them.

In public places, the coquet with a small share of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, shall with the most trifling conversation in the world, engross the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modesty and sense is forced to be silent, because she cannot be heard. Thus when we find that a woman does not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are desirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accomplish our designs?

As to myself, I have a great respect for the married state; but if I cannot meet with a man who will take me just as nature has formed me, I will live single for ever: for it has been always a maxim with me, never to expect the least advantage from the possession of any thing, which is not to be obtained but at the expence of truth.

I am not so vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; my desire is, that you will oblige me so far as to write a WORLD upon the subject; and might I add, let the women alone, and apply yourself entirely to the reformation of the men: for when once they begin to cherish any thing valuable and praiseworthy in themselves, you will soon find women to follow their example.

I am, SIR,

*Your constant reader and admirer,*

M.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

You have often animadverted on the present  
honorable indecencies of female dress; but I wish  
I would please now and then to look a little at  
me, and bestow some of your charitable advice  
on your own sex.

You are to know, sir, that I am one of three old  
bachelors, who, though no relations, have resolved to  
live and die together. Our fortunes, which singly  
are but small, enable us, when put together, to live  
respectably, and to keep two maids and a footman.  
My friend Dick has lived with us now going on of six years,  
and, to do him justice, is a sober, cleanly and dili-  
gent servant: indeed, by studying our tempers,  
and paying a silent obedience to all our whims  
(we do not pretend to be without whims) he  
made himself so useful, that there is no doing  
without him. We give him no livery, but allow  
him a handsome sum yearly for cloaths; and to  
tell the truth till within this last week, he has  
behaved with great propriety and decency; when all  
of a sudden, to our great confusion and distress, he has  
taken the assurance to appear at the sideboard in a  
pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and those made so  
extremely tight, that a less curious observer  
might have mistaken them for no breeches at all.  
The shame and confusion so visible in all our faces,  
and which would think, should suggest to him the odious-  
ness of his dress; but the fellow seems to have  
shewn off every appearance of decency: for at tea-  
ble, before company, as well as at meals, we are  
obliged to endure him in this abominable Nankin,  
and with no modesty all the time struggling with nature, to  
convey the ideas it conveys.

For the first two days, though we could think of  
nothing else, shame kept us silent even to one

another : but we could hold out no longer ; yet what to determine neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good servant, and to turn him away for a single fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's speaking, seemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to speak to him was the grand question. The word breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarse to be pronounced ; and to say, ' Patrick, we don't like that dress,' or ' Pray, Patrick, dress in another manner,' was laying us under a necessity of pointing at his breeches, to make ourselves understood. Nor did it seem at all adviseable to set either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might possibly draw them into explanations, that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous consequences.

After having deliberated some days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to shut our eyes, or turn our backs upon him, for fear of his discovering the cause ; it occurred to me, that if I could muster up courage to inform Mr. Fitz-A of our distresses (for we constantly take in the WORLD, of which Patrick is also a reader) it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual blushing and confusion. If you walk abroad in the street, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but have taken notice of this odious fashion. But I should like it better, if you were to pass your censure upon Nankin breeches in general, than to have them upon our Patrick taken notice of particularly ; however I leave it intirely to your own choice ; and whatever method you may take to discountenance wearing of them, will be perfectly agreeable to,

SIR, *Your most humble servant,*

PRISCILLA CROSS-STIT

The case of this lady and her companions is so exceeding critical, that for fear Patrick should be backward at taking a hint, I have thought it the wisest way to publish her letter just as I received it: and if after this day, Patrick should again presume to appear before his ladies, cased in Nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Hannah to burn his breeches wherever they can find them.

To be serious upon this occasion, I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery as a very improper part of dress; and as such I hereby declare, that after this present 26th day of June, it shall be a capital offence against decency and modesty, for any person whatsoever to be seen to wear it.

*N. B.* All canvas or linen breeches come within the act.

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No. 131. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

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**T**HE conversation happening a few evenings ago, to upon the different employments of mankind, fell into the consideration how ill the various sorts of life are generally suited to the persons who are in them. This was attributed either to their ambition, which tempts them to undertake a vocation they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to some accidental circumstance, which throws them into professions contrary, perhaps, to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming those parents, who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is best adapted to their capacities.

To this we in a great measure ascribed the slow progress of arts and sciences, the frequent failures and miscarriages of life, and many of those desperate acts which are often the consequences of them.

This conversation carried us through the greatest part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to rest. But the weather being hot, and my senses perfectly awake, I found it impossible to give way to sleep; so that my thoughts soon returned to the late subject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many instances of this misapplication of parts, and compassionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected that as all men have different ideas of pleasures and honours, different views, inclinations, and capacities; yet all concur in a desire of pleasing and excelling; if that principle were applied to the proper point, and every one employed himself agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect would it soon have in the world! With how swift a progress would arts and sciences grow up to perfection! And to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge soon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with distaste and murmuring in a study they abhor; but every one would pursue with cheerfulness his proper calling; business would become the highest pleasure; diligence would be too universal to be esteemed a virtue; and no man would be ashamed of an employment, in which he appeared to advantage.

While my mind hung upon these reflections, I imperceptibly dropt asleep. But my imagination surviving my reason, I soon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and absurdities) bore some analogy to my waking thoughts.

I fancied myself still reflecting on the same subject, when I was suddenly snatched up into the air,

presently found myself on the poet's Olympus, at the hand of Jupiter ; who told me, that he approved my thoughts, and would make an experiment of the change I had been wishing

and no sooner pronounced these words, than I perceived a strange hurry and confusion in the world : all mankind was in motion, preparing the tremendous nod.

Attitudes of the nobility began to strip them of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horse-jockies, coachmen, taylorers, and merry-andrews. I distinguished three great personages, who had dressed themselves in white waistcoats, and with napkins tucked about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waists, were busied in several great kitchens, making considerable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illustrious rank, without their honourable distinctions, applied themselves to enlarging the discoveries, enlightening the understandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the manners, polishing the manners, improving the mind by all possible methods promoting the happiness of their fellow-creatures.

Some reverend prelates, who, tearing off their mitres, put on themselves into red coats, and soon obtained triumphs and ovations ; while others dwindled into parish clerks, and village pedagogues. But I perceived with pleasure several of that sacred order of monks in my own country, who appeared calm and undisturbed amidst the general bustle, and seemed to be intended originally to do honour to their exalted

order : were several grave old men, who threw off their scarlet robes, and retired to religious houses. With wonder some of these deserted robes put

on by private gentlemen, who, lost and reserve, were little imagined to be such important posts. But what more was to see men of military rank in their regimentals, and appearing with grace in longer suits of scarlet. Some the robe, whom I had always regarded with reverence, seemed now more respectable than ever : one in particular surprised me, by quitting the seat of judgment he had long filled with universal applause, him entering a more august assembly, and passing to the cabinet of his whence he returned to the great hall, observed him, and convinced me of the abilities, by appearing equally capable of the same employments.

I saw in a public assembly a junta who while they were haranguing on truth and iniquity of the times, broke off in a sudden and turned stock jobbers and pawn brokers, a group of critics at the Bedford coffee-house, an instant converted into haberdashery in Cheapside. Translators, comical polemic divines, made for the most part cobblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers. A very eminent physician was transported once into a cart, and the doctor to another, fastening a halter round the neck of a patient, saw two very noted surgeons of my acquaintance in blue sleeves and aprons, exerting themselves in a slaughter-house near the Victuallers, a reverend divine, who was preaching to a numerous audience, recollected himself in a garden, and producing a set of cups and balls, several very dextrous tricks by slight of hand, pretty gentlemen were every where

knotting, pickling, and making conserves, ladies remained as they were; for it was even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without changing their natures) to assign an office, they could be beneficial to mankind.

Princes and potentates now relieved us from the load of crowns and sceptres, and were introduced with a good grace into private stations. They placed themselves at the head of companies of men formed of lawyers, public officers, and ex-

Their prime ministers had generally the honour of being their first lieutenants, and sometimes enjoyed the sole command; while the courtiers followed themselves under them in rank and file.

What heart-felt pleasure did I observe an old and venerable monarch, surrounded by a retinue, with the most amiable countenances to be beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a scroll, with the inscription, FOR A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE.

Shops now began to be filled with people of all ranks; and many a man stepped with a genteel bow behind the counter, into a great estate, or a high honour.

Professions were almost all changed throughout the world: for no man dared to answer to a title of nobility, who was not conscious of superior excellence and virtue.

In the midst of all this bustle, I was struck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties, and wore the first fashion, who, with all the perfect grace of good breeding, inshrined themselves in several temples dedicated to the Cyprian god, secure of the universal adorations and professions of mankind. Others of inferior rank and condition every unconcernedly pursued their domestic



affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a secret pride that I observed a few of my dear country-women quit their dressing-rooms and card-assemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the sacred impulse, I saw marching with modest composure to take possession of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but observing some young students at the gate, who began to titter as she approached, she blushed, turned from them with an air of pity un-mixed with contempt, and retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herself with doing all the good that was possible in a private station.

The face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of state were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious load which they accepted for the good of their country not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily banished from commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to except of an employment, for which he was no every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

Universal peace and tranquillity soon ensued. Arts and sciences daily received astonishing improvements. All men were alike emulous to excel in something; and no part was dishonourable to one who acted well. In short, the golden age of the poets seemed to be restored.

But while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on these glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myself in a world, as full of folly and absurdity as ever it was.

No. 132. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

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It has been a perpetual objection of declaimers against Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly distributed among mankind, that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberless hypotheses have been framed to reconcile these appearances to the idea of a moral SUPREME BEING: I shall mention only two at the present, as they have been employed by writers of a very different

1.  
Some of these writers assent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the conclusions raised from it, by arguments from reason and revelation for proof of a future state; in which the seeming and inconsistencies of this life will be adjusted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now objections will answer, and indeed have answered, that arguments from reason to support this doctrine are extremely inconclusive. They may allow it is agreeable to the rules of just analogy to presume that the attributes of the SUPREME BEING, which are imperfectly known in the present life, will be manifested more clearly to our apprehensions in a future life: but they will call it an inversion of all reasonable arguments; to conclude, from thence, that moral attributes will be discoverable in another mode of being, when, by a confession of the fact, that good and evil are so irregularly distributed, no appearances of these attributes are supposed to exist in the present system, that book of nature, from which alone we collect that the author of it is good as well as wise. As little will these objectors be

influenced by arguments from revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation (which can itself be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantastic reasoning in a circle. Revelation, they will say, presupposes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty; that there is a God, and that such evidences of his goodness and other attributes are discovered from his works, as in reason should induce us to rely with confidence on those oracles delivered to us as his word.

Other writers, who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different manner. They affirm it is vain presumption to imagine Man the final end of the creation, who may be formed subserviently to nobler orders and systems of being; and that God governs by general, not particular laws; laws that respect our happiness as a community, not as individuals. But the same objectors will again reply, that it is inconsistent with our idea of a being infinitely good, to conceive him determining any creature to misery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relatively to superior beings and systems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a Being infinitely wise, to imagine him incapable of accomodating laws, however general, to the interest of every particular. They will desire an explanation how laws can respect the happiness of a system, which are supposed too generally to be productive of misery, even to the most valuable individuals that compose it.

This argument, drawn from the government of God by general, not particular laws, seems by no means to have been attended with the success was entitled to: and it appears to have failed on this end, not from a defect in the argument itself, but either because it has been ill understood, or

to its full extent. When unbelievers de-  
 ainst the supposed unequal distribution of  
 hey in consequence condemn the general  
 which they proceed. To reply then that  
 erns by general, not particular laws, is a  
 only of the foundation of their com-  
 not an answer to them. There is another  
 the management of this argument. In  
 igeration of the excellence of human laws,  
 ot content with viewing them intrinsically  
 elves; but compare them with the parti-  
 atry, temper, manners and other circum-  
 or that people for whom they are intended.  
 the consideration of divine laws, we have  
 ued the same method; and for this reason,  
 others, unbelievers have triumphed in the  
 weakness of one of the noblest arguments  
 ever been employed in the noblest of  
 defence of Providence.

verns by general, not particular laws, be-  
 e former alone are adapted to the condition  
 n kind. In this imperfect state we are en-  
 acquainted with the real nature of those  
 which surround us. We are ignorant from  
 inciple or internal constitution they derive a  
 foperating on other beings, or in what man-  
 operation is performed. We have no know-

causes but in their effects, and in those ef-  
 ne, which are grossly visible to our material

We suppose the same effects invariably  
 d from the same causes, except where a mi-  
 power interposes, and supersedes for a  
 the general course of nature, which re-  
 former constancy, when the superior in-  
 that controuled it is removed. Such rare  
 ns do not perplex our conduct, which is  
 d by the general rule; but to destroy this  
 XXVIII. O

general order as frequently as the imagination of individuals seems to us to require it, founded on human knowledge, and, in consequence, on human action. The husbandman commits himself to the ground; with a presumption that the seasons will return in the same order; that the sun will warm and in the day where it shines, and showers cool and refresh in the night when they fall, as in ancient times. Certain essential properties in matter, and certain established laws of motion, are presumed in the meanest mechanical operation, nay, in the least considerable operation of our lives.

Let us represent to ourselves such a series of things existing, as, in the opinion of an observer at the present, would justify our conceptions of a rational Supreme Being. Let us imagine every part of the power of nature, in the minutest as well as the greatest instances, operating to the preservation and advantage of the good; and, on the contrary, concurring to produce misery and destruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a house of security, whose walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls asleep with a lighted candle at the bed-side, and the flame it produces is sufficient to consume the dwelling of the wicked. He plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glass of aqua-fortis, by mistake for the same quantity of champagne, and finds it only a innocent enlivener of his spirits. The heat of summer, and the frosts of winter, occasion only agreeable sensations. Rich wines and poisons attenuate his juices, and rectify the habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very opposite effects. He sits with cold over that fire which communicate

est of the company at the extremity of the  
 At another time he scalds his fingers by  
 ; them into cold water. A bason of broth,  
 -milk, intoxicates his brain. He acquires  
 ne and a complication of distempers from a  
 le diet: and at last concludes a miserable  
 by passing under an arch of solid stone,  
 his own iniquities draw down upon his head.  
 a rest a moment to express our admiration  
 a system, and then inquire how the bulk of  
 d, neither perfect saints nor desperate sin-  
 out partaking generally of the qualities of  
 hall regulate their conduct in conformity to  
 om a confidence in their integrity, shall they  
 houses that are nodding to their ruin; or  
 distrust of their virtues, be afraid to venture  
 lves under the dome of St. Paul's? Shall  
 practise regularity and exercise, as wholesome  
 ? life; or indulging themselves in indolence,  
 v every day gallons of claret as the grand  
 Shall they remain undetermined whether  
 tre of an ice-house, or the chimney corner,  
 more comfortable situation in the Christmas  
 rs? And shall they retreat in the dog-days  
 shades and running streams; or covering  
 lves with surtouts, hurry away to the sweat-  
 ans of bagnios?  
 uch inconvenient conclusions are the persons  
 d, whose narrow views, and narrower preju-  
 furnish them with complaints against the pre-  
 system; which is wisest and best, because  
 for mankind, to whose wants it is accommo-  
 and to whose faculties it is proportioned.

No. 133. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

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**T**HERE is nothing in this world that a man places so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own CONSEQUENCE. Amidst care, sickness, and misfortune; amidst dangers, disappointments, and death itself, he holds fast this idea, and yields it up but with his last breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wisdom, and superior abilities of doing good, were the basis of our CONSEQUENCE; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in those very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or despise us. The man of pleasure derives his CONSEQUENCE from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country-squire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not understand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not understand himself; my lady's woman, by dressing a person of quality; and my lady herself, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her housemaids.

Those, who in their own situations, are unfortunately of no CONSEQUENCE, are catching at every opportunity that offers itself to acquire it. The blockhead of fortune flies from the idea that would improve him, to be a man of CONSEQUENCE among the vulgar: while the independent citizen gives up the ease and enjoyment which he would find in the company and conversation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his superiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of CONSEQUENCE at his return.

member an anabaptist taylor in the city, who, like himself a man of CONSEQUENCE, used to go to his customers, that however silent history been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon oath, that the man in the mask who cut off king Charles's head, was his own grandfather. I knew a shoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a student at John's, who was afterwards transported for gaudy pockets, but who having at his return comended gamester, and of course made himself comendable to gentlemen, used always to preface what he had to say with, 'I remember when I was *abroad*, when I was at *college*.' But even a more ridiculous instance than this, is in an old gentlewoman who lately taken a garret at my barber's; this lady's father, it seems was a justice of the quorum) who constantly sits three whole hours every evening for a halfpenny roll and a farthing's worth of cheese, as it was the custom of her family, she says, to sit there, and sit a long while. This kind of conceit was very happily ridiculed by Tom the butcher, at Newmarket. Every body knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who ran a very good estate by cocking and horseracing. Tom being asked, last meeting, by one who had known him in his prosperity, how he could debase himself to so low a calling as that of a butcher, answered, 'why, you know, sir, our family always takes pride in killing their own mutton.'

But this affectation of CONSEQUENCE is the most ridiculous of all vanities, every body will allow. But men of real worth in all other respects are not sensible of it, or where persons in great and honest professions render themselves and their emoluments contemptible by such affectation, it is justly to be lamented.



Our ancestors derived their CONSEQUENCE their independency; and supported it by their gritty and hospitality. They resided upon their estates, and kept open houses for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themselves in dardhardness and activity; and their wives and daughters were modest and good housewives.

There is an epitaph in Peck's collection of critical historical pieces, which (as that book is but in hands, and as I do not remember to have seen in any other collection) I shall here transcribe. Our gentry of the present times may be instructed in the art of making themselves persons of CONSEQUENCE. This epitaph (which for its moral beauty and simplicity, is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in queen Elizabeth's time upon that noble and famous knight, sir Thomas Scot of Scot's-hall, in the county of Kent, died on the 30th day of December 1594, and buried in Bradborn church. His mother was daughter of sir William Kempe. He served in parliaments as knight of the shire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the court sending him a letter on the Wednesday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spanish Armada, he sent four thousand armed men to Dover on Thursday. The inhabitants of Ashford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpse might have been buried in their church.

## E P I T A P H.

I.

*Here lies Sir THOMAS SCOT by name;  
Oh hapie KEMPE that bore him!  
Sir RAYNOLD, with four knights of fame,  
Lye'd lyneally before him.*

## II.

*His wifes were BAKER, HEYMAN, BEERE ;  
 His love to them unfayned.  
 He lyved nyne and fifty yeare ;  
 And seventeen sowles he gayned.*

## III.

*His first wief bore them everie one ;  
 The world might not have myst her ?  
 She was a verie paragon,  
 The ladie BUCKERST's syster.*

## IV.

*His widow lyces in sober sort ;  
 No matron more discreter.  
 She still reteiynes a good reporte,  
 And is a great howskeper.*

## V.

*He (being call'd to special place)  
 Did what might best behove him.  
 The QUEENE of ENGLAND gave him grace ;  
 The KING of HEAV'N did love him.*

## VI.

*His men and tenants wail'd the daye,  
 His kinn and cuntrie cried !  
 Both younge and old in KENT may saye,  
 Woe woorth the daye he died.*

## VII.

*He made his porter shut his gates  
 To sycophants and briebors ;  
 And ope them wide to greate estates,  
 And alsoe to his neighbors.*

## VIII.

*His hous was rightlye termed hall,  
 Whose bred and beef was redie.  
 It was a verie hospitall,  
 And refuge for the needie.*

## XI.

*From whence he never stept aside,  
In winter nor in sommer,  
In Christmas time he did provide  
Good cheer for everie comer.*

## X.

*When any servis should be donn,  
He lyeked not to lyngar;  
The rich would ride, the poor would runne  
If he held up his finger.*

## XI.

*He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;  
He did indite most finelye;  
He us'd few words, but cold discour  
Both wisely and dyvinelye,*

## XII.

*His lyving meane, his chargies great  
His daughters well bestowed;  
Although that he were leste in debt,  
In fine he nothing owed;*

## XIII.

*But died in rich and hapie state,  
Belov'd of man and woman;  
And (which is yeat much more than that)  
He was envy'd of no man.*

## XIV.

*In justice he dyd much excell,  
In law he never wrangled;  
He loov'd rellygion wondrous well,  
But he was not new fangled.*

## XV.

*Let ROMNEY marsh, and DOVER saye,  
Ask NORBORN camp at leysuer,  
If he were woont to make delaye,  
To do his cuntrie pleasure.*

## XVI.

*But ASHFORD's proffer passeth all,  
It was both rare and gentle;  
They wold have pay'd his funerall,  
I' have tomb'd him in their temple.*

## XVII.

*Ambition he did not regard,  
No boaster, nor no bragger ;  
He spent, and lookt for no reward,  
He cold not play the bigger.*

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No. 134. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

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in a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws must be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly, the nature of the complaints which these laws occasion, and consider how far the existence of a Providence is rendered dubious by them.

we content that happiness and misery are very irregularly distributed among the good and bad : and as it has been well observed, are by no means determined in questions, very necessary to be previously settled, before we form this conclusion : as, what is the final and proper happiness of man ? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deserve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it ? Is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man in London. Nay, in the same country, this sect regards him as a saint, whom another proclaims a minister of darkness. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the opposite one. The happiness then and misery of such a person becomes very frequently,

at the same time, and in the very same an argument for the belief, and rejectivevidence.

Again, the greatest part of the misfortunes which afflict us, are concluded to arise from the violation of general laws : when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful opposition to them, and we should accept them as the measure of our capacity, as secure and limited as human reason is, and endeavour to discover to us certain desirable ends, and the means fitted to produce them : endeavours procured by the application of different means not adapted to procure different effects. Moral causes produce physical, and physical causes produce moral effects. It is surely unreasonable to invent, and expect moral effects from physical causes, and physical effects from moral causes. It is unreasonable to expect, that the virtues of a saint or sage will secure us from the dangers of a well ordered society, if we advance to them with a bandaged eye. We should smile at the country gentleman of simplicity, who disbelieved a Providence, and fox-hunting, port and tobacco, were inspiring him with the genius of Milton, or at the philosopher who was unfurnished with the sagacity and common sense of Locke, after a dozen years attendance at the quarter-sessions. The epiphany of the heathen is entitled to as little serious treatment as the peasant who embraced the same atheistical tenet, because he did not flow with burgundy and champagne, and cause haunches of venison, turtles, and mushrooms to rise as spontaneously from his hearth as mushrooms. We should treat such characters with ridicule; but are others less ridiculous, who expect effects as disproportionate to their means as those just described? Should the wise man complain, that they are not rich and

lar wicked men ; the reply is obvious : the that procure wisdom and virtue are very different from those that procure health and riches. y lament that they are not in possession of eternal advantages, when they have neglected natural methods of acquiring them, which less valuable have pursued with success ? objection against a Providence, that men do her grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles ; ave reason to be satisfied, while it is in their to receive them from the plants proper to roduction.

it be allowed that on some occasions, with all caution, the order of nature may operate to advantage : the torrent may overwhelm, the consume, or the earthquake swallow us : but neral laws to be condemned, because in par- instances they give us transient pain, or even ine our present state of being, which they ontributed to preserve in every period of it, which not only our happiness, but our very ce has depended ? It is a necessary condition of a compound substance, like the material man, to be subject to dissolution, from causes r to it, or united with its constitution. Does convincing argument arise against a Providence from its dissolution at one season rather than r ? or from its dissolution by an external, rather than an internal cause, which is as effectual end, though less precipitate in the means ?

e few cases (much fewer than are generally d) may possibly be stated, where, in the presence, the moment of misery to a faultless creature exceedingly overbalance the moment of piness ; as when it is introduced into being nfirmities of body, too obstinate for temporary and discipline to correct, and which reader

it insensible to every enjoyment. But to solve the appearances, a well supported revelation, that instructs us in the doctrine of a future state, may be applied : for though revelation cannot serve as a basis to natural religion, on which it is only a superstructure, yet it may be extremely useful to record the seeming inconsistencies of a system discovered to be good by arguments of another kind ; and man will acquiesce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to its own dictates.

After premising these reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a learned female correspondent.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

It has been some surprize to me, that in a paper which seems designed to correct our judgments, reduce the influence of fashion, folly, prejudice, passion, you have never confuted a principle, which is a composition of them all. I mean the belief in a Providence. It answers indeed no individual purpose, except to countenance the insolence of parsons, who maintain it in defiance of the wisdom of their superiors. I was early initiated in that *philosophy*, which explained the creation by a tumultuous concourse of atoms. An infinite number of parcels, varied in shape, size and colour, embracing each other in all possible positions, opened a scene as entertaining to my fancy as was intelligible to my understanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion ; and his situation in a gaol, under the pressure of ill-health, of fortune, reputation and friends, furnished him with copious arguments to support it. A maiden ; indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually representing his principles as inconsistent, and his arguments for them as absurd. He insisted that his misfortunes could be ascribed to no other cause than himself : that he

ation and friends was the natural consequence of a want of common honesty; loss of health, of extravagance; and loss of health of decay. I am ashamed to confess that these reasons had too much weight with me, and continued too long in a fluctuating state between truth and error. I thank God however, that my misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the view of things. My beauty impaired, if not lost by small-pox, the death of a favourite child, the hardness of my circumstances, and the brutality of my husband, have proved beyond exception, that the moral Being presides over us. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of the same nonsense employed against me, as before against my brother, by the same ancient lady. She concluded with observing, that complaints of circumstances, and the cruelty of a husband, came with an indifferent air from a person, who, after rejecting so many advantageous offers, escaped from a window with a husband she had scarcely seen. You will do me justice to believe, that my judgment on this occasion was regulated more by my own feelings, than the influence of my aunt. My satisfaction is, that the same lady, insensibly to herself, seems now become a convert to those opinions, which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumstances have indeed staggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new discovery, that she is considerably advanced of seventy, and feels the infirmities, which accompany that season, making hasty additions to her. Her father confessor, and ancient adviser, the vicar of the parish, broke his leg not long since, and received other contusions not yet made good, by a fall from a vicious horse; and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom she has never forgiven.



the insult of disputing formerly the pre-  
church, is placed in a rank very superior to  
own, by the accession of her husband to an earl  
and title, to which he has been presumptive  
for above these twenty years.

I am, &c.

No. 135. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things which contribute more  
mislead our judgments, and pervert our moral  
than the confusion of our ideas arising from the  
abuse of words. Hence it hourly happens that  
virtues and vices are so blended and disguised, by  
mixing each other's names, that almost the wo-  
rds which denote a man can be guilty of, shall be attributed  
to an elevated and laudable spirit. Thus the most  
extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an  
ostentatious figure by all kinds of expence, sets his con-  
science and conscience to sale, shall be extolled by  
about him as a noble generous soul, above the  
consideration of dirty money. The high-mettled  
blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter,  
who withholds a tradesman's just debt, that he  
be punctual with a sharper; in short, who does  
any injury, and run the man through the body  
shall resent it, calls himself, and is called by the  
world, a man of gallantry and honour. Economy  
is put out of countenance by the odious word  
avarice; and the most rapacious covetousness  
finds shelter under the terms prudence and discretion.  
An easy thoughtlessness of temper, which betrays  
the owner to recommend a scoundrel; to lend

ound for a spendthrift; to conform with all  
 ant schemes of a profligate; to heap favours  
 up or sharper, even to the neglect of meri-  
 friends, and frequently to the distressing a  
 nd children; in fine, that easy disposition of  
 hich cannot resist importunity, be the solici-  
 r so unworthy, is dignified with the most  
 e of all epithets, good nature; and so the  
 tself brought into disgrace by the misapplica-  
 the word.

bare mention of these abuses is sufficient to  
 ery thinking reader into a larger catalogue  
 like kind. Hence it is that falsehood usurps  
 ace of truth, and ignominy of merit; and  
 this may have been the complaint of all ages  
 ons of the civilized world, yet still the cheat-  
 the cheated are as numerous as ever.

ve been led into these reflections by the su-  
 ul and mistaken opinions which are almost  
 ally received of two gentlemen in a neigh-  
 county, at whose houses I have been lately  
 ined, and whose characters I shall here de-  
 concealing their real names under the fic-  
 ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

orinus is a younger brother of a noble family,  
 intrinsic worth having been descried and va-  
 a man of solid sense in the neighbourhood,  
 d him the happiness of his only daughter in  
 , with a fortune of a thousand pounds  
 um. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary  
 parts, cultivated by much reading and ob-  
 n: of nice honour; sincere in his friend-  
 which are but few; and universally humane:  
 n lover of his religion and country, and an  
 nt justice of the peace, in which capacity he  
 site pains to allay bitterness, and compose

Pious himself, a regularity of devotion  
 up in his family. His numerous issue (to

which he is rather essentially affectionate, fond) obliges him to œconomy, though his inclination is stronger towards dispensing rather than hoarding them. His equipage and table rather neat and sufficient than sumptuous. Reasonable people are always welcome to him; but riotous find their account neither in his temper nor his conversation. With all these good qualities, his too great avidity for book-knowledge, penetration into men and manners, and his notions of reason and rectitude, combining a sickly habit of body, render him apt to be tacet or silent, upon occasions wherein his delicacy is grossly offended. Hence the much-injured Seneca lies under the calumny of being a very *ill-man*, among all those who have but a slight acquaintance of him; while even his intimates, who see him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending for favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an *ill-humoured man*.

Hilarius is a downright country gentleman; *vivacious*; an indefatigable sportsman. He can drink his gallon at a sitting, and will tell you he was *sick nor sorry* in his life. He married a most agreeable woman with a vast fortune, whom however he contents himself with slighting, merely because he cannot take the trouble of using her ill. For the same reason he is seldom seen to be angry, if his favourite horse should happen to be lamed, or game-act infringed. Having an estate of about a thousand a year, his strong beer, ale, and wine are always well stored; to either of which, at his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals, sorted and ill dressed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the country which he never visits, and is eternally cracki-

jest, and talking smut to the parsons; whom he can make fuddled, and expose to contempt, it is his highest pleasure he can enjoy. As for his lays, nothing is more frequent with him than to find his men and their servants dead drunk upon their knees, to whose sagacity it is left to find the way in a dark winter's night; and should any of them happen to be found half smothered in a ditch the next morning, it affords him excellent diversion twelve-month after. His sons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but that he is in their educations. Through the same influence, his bastards, of which he has not a few, are the ruin of the parish; and his men and maid servants riot without controul for want of discipline in the village. He has a mortal aversion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has fallen any of his acquaintance, he asks where the bottle? Propose to him the assisting at a law-sessions, he is engaged at a cock-match; or if he, through curiosity, make his appearance at the court, he is ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the disturbance of passion and compassion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant, and he sentences to be whipped through the county with the felon whom he condemns to the gall.

Such is his condescension, that he makes no ceremony to take his pipe and pot at an alehouse with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament (though his seat in it cost him very dear in terms of keeping) if the fate of the nation depended upon his attendance there, he would not be prevailed upon to quit the country in the shooting or hunting season, unless forced up by a call of the house. It is an invariable maxim with him, let what happen, never to give himself one moment's concern. Are you in health and prosperity? No

one is readier to club a laugh with you ; but he has no ear to the voice of distress or complaint. The business of his life is (what he calls) pleasure ; to promote this, he annually consumes his large income, which, without any design of his, may happen indeed to do some good,

*And wander, Heav'n directed, to the poor.*

With these endowments, there are at least nine or ten, who give the preference to Hilarius, and lay on him the epithets of the worthiest, the noblest and the best natured creature alive ; while Sombrius is ridiculed as a *deadly* wise man, a milkop, stingy, proud, sullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrius is the man to whom every one flies, whenever there is a demand for justice, good sense, wholesome counsel, or real charity : to Hilarius, when the benefit only is to be consulted, or the time dissipated.

Thus are the thousand good qualities of Sombrius eclipsed by a too reserved and serious turn of mind ; while Hilarius, on the false credit of generosity and good-humour, without one single virtue in his composition, swims triumphantly with the stream of applause, and is esteemed by every one of his acquaintance, for having only the abilities of a complete voluptuary.

I cannot dismiss this letter without lamenting the mistaken opinions usually received of character like these, as a woful instance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety aver, that the giant who shewed himself for a shilling last winter at Charing-Cross, was in every respect a much greater man than Mr. Pope who had the misfortune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ach.

I am, SIR, *Your constant reader,*

*And most humble servant,*

W. M.

No. 136. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

it is incumbent on an historian, who writes the  
ry of his own times, to take notice of public and  
rkable events, so I apprehend it to be the bu-  
of a writer of essays for entertainment and in-  
uction, to mark the passions as they rise, and to  
at of those especially, which appear to influence  
manners of the age he lives in.

The love of noise, though a passion observable  
all times and countries, has yet been so predomi-  
nt of late years, and given rise to so many of our  
dern customs, that I cannot think it unworthy of  
of your speculations.

In many instances this passion is subordinate to,  
proceeds from another, which is no less uni-  
l, and no less commendable; I mean the love  
ame. Noise, or sound in general, has been con-  
ered as a means, whereby thousands have ren-  
red themselves famous in their generation; and  
is the reason why to be famous, and to make a  
ise in the world, are commonly understood as  
ivalent expressions. Hence also the trumpet,  
cause one of the most noble instruments of sound,  
anciently made sacred to the heathen god-  
s of fame: so that even at this day, when the  
ld is too backward in doing justice to a man's  
erit, and he is constrained to do it himself, he is  
ery properly said to sound his own praises, or  
umpet out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be

obtained from noise, in several other respects are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudest manner, is sure to gain the greatest number of followers. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the soundness of his lungs, than the soundness of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of sound : and indeed where people accustom themselves to talk much and mean little, it behoves them to substitute noise in the place of eloquence. It is also a very just remark, that scurrility and all require an elevation of the voice.

In the senate it is often seen, that the noise which thunder with which the patriot shakes the house has redounded more to the good of his country than all the knowledge of the history and law which it, locked up in the breasts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themselves heard.

From a conviction that noise in general can be made subservient to so many good purposes, we can easily imagine that a great fondness must be shown for it, even where its usefulness, or tendency is not immediately discernible : for from the force of habit, the means will often be pursued where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At a coffee-house which I frequent at the far end of the town, I meet with two sets of young men, commonly distinguished by the names of Beaux and Bloods ; who are perpetually interrupting the conversation of the company, either with whistling of tunes, lisping of new-fashion'd oaths, trolling out affected speeches and short sentences ; or else with recitals of bold adventures of the past, and much bolder which they are about to

. But as noise is more becoming a Blood  
Beau, I am generally diverted with the one,  
says tired with the other.

has led me to reflect on the wisdom which  
a shewn in the institution of certain clubs  
turnal meetings for men, into which no per-  
be admitted as members, but those who  
used to make that particular noise only,  
reeable to the tastes and talents of their  
ve societies. Thus the members of one club  
rise in politics; those of another in cri-  
r ions on eating and drinking: a third  
in story-telling, and a fourth in a constant  
of merry songs. In most of these clubs  
re presidents chosen and invested with  
y to be as noisy as they please themselves,  
nffict penalties on all those who open out

ladies indeed are somewhat more limited in  
pics for noise, though their meetings for  
it are more numerous than those of the men.  
Also lie under the disadvantage of having  
of a tone too soft and delicate to be heard  
at distance: but they seem in some mea-  
have obviated these disadvantages, by agree-  
alk all together: by which means, and as the  
is generally of the vituperative kind, they  
e to cope with the men, even at the most vo-  
s of their clubs.

n; those diversions, in which noise most  
have been always held in the highest es-  
the true and original country squire, who  
d by this generous passion for noise, pre-  
diversion of hunting to all other enjoyments  
arth. He can entertain his companions for  
together with talking of his hounds, and ex-  
the divine music and harmony of their



tongues; and scarce ever goes to bed without waving the horn, and having the full cry in his park. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and like, are sports which fill the hearts of the common people with the most extravagant delight; while voices are employed in the loudest shouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our English sailors no entertainment can be complete where the cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of which they are inspired with such courage and resolution that even fighting itself becomes their diversion.

In London, where many of these sports cannot be enjoyed, the fashion for noise has appeared in various other shapes. It has within the memory of most men, given rise to routs, drums, and hurrahs; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the panics on account of some concussions in the city very much resembling those of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to those polite assemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are usually composed of what is called the best company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other instances of the effect of this passion in high life, I shall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noise at people's doors; by which you are generally given to understand that some person of consequence desires you the honour to suppose you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a dispute, whether such a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as

of a *forcible entry*: but it is my business to say that it can only be done by the use of force and *buttry*; since it may be proved to the satisfaction of those who are judges in this matter, that we have really no intention of breaking any walls: for when doors are opened to us, we make our retreat as fast as they can; by which means we are able to visit those whom we esteem at home, and visit as their friends when

I now by me a certain curious book of mine, wherein the sentiments of a wealthy old citizen of the city, with regard to the necessity of being very nearly to correspond with the observations I have here made upon that subject. I inscribe a short passage from the character of my lady and conclude my letter.

Towards the decline of her days she took lodgings in Ludgate-hill, in order to be amused with the bustle of the street, and to be constantly supplied with new subjects of contemplation: for she thought it of great importance to a mind that had a turn for meditation, to be conversant with what was passing in the world. As she was a very religious disposition, she used often to say, it was a grievous shame that such a thing as meetings, among some of the dissenting brethren, should be suffered in a christian country. When she died she left five hundred pounds to be erecting fifty new *sounding-boards*, to aid the voices of the aged clergy, in divers churches, to proclaim the bills of mortality.

I am, SIR,

*Your obliged humble servant.*

R. L.

No. 137. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1

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My correspondent of to-day will, I hope, me for not publishing his letter sooner. To the truth, I had some thoughts of making a apology to him for not publishing it all; having received an opinion that it might tend to lessen exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon consideration I have changed my mind, I must take the liberty of observing, by way of introduction, that as I modestly presume no man living has more learning than myself, so no man values learning more upon it, or has a greater veneration for those who possess it, even though they should possess nothing else. I remember to have seen under my grandmother's own hand, in the new book she gave me at my first going to school, that *learning is better than house and land*: and though I cannot say that I have ever been in a situation to make the proper comparison between LEARNING and HOUSE and LAND; yet my grandmother was a wise woman, and I had never reason to question the truth of any of her sayings.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with pleasure I observe, that you can avoid the ridiculous ostentation of prefixing of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your paper confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin, is neither useful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all readers.

is excusable in your predecessors, the Tat-  
 tector and Guardian; for in their time we  
 were gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom  
 perhaps, make a shift to pick out the mean-  
 ing of a Latin couplet. But now-a-days the case is  
 different; it is pedantry to know any other language,  
 except Latin, to seem to know any, but the fashiona-  
 ble ones. For my own part, I by no means  
 reject of mottos, which I doubt not are often  
 useful after the piece is written; and if not,  
 confine the writer too closely to the sense of  
 the words. The same objection I have to numerous  
 maxims from the ancients; for why should we  
 write in a less intelligible language, what may be  
 as plainly and justly expressed in our own? It  
 is a reason then, that in our days a man is no  
 longer reputed a scholar for quoting Homer and Vir-  
 gil, nor he would be esteemed a man of morals for  
 Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is  
 as unnecessary to a good essay, as a head  
 of a bull or Galba would be to a learned man, if it  
 does not hang round his shoulders. Indeed, to speak  
 plainly, if the use of a language is to arrive at the  
 truth, and arts conveyed by it, I see no reason  
 why our own should yield to any other, ancient or  
 modern. It is copious and manly, though not re-  
 fined, and has books in every branch of the arts  
 and sciences, written with a spirit and judgment not  
 to be exceeded. Notwithstanding which, a man  
 who knows only Greek and Latin, and nothing else, shall  
 be esteemed learned; while another, less knowing in  
 those languages, but who has imbibed the sense, spirit and know-  
 ledge of all the best authors in our own language, is  
 entitled to that honourable title.

to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would  
 be a store of prudent and judicious maxims for  
 the direction of his conduct in life, can do it no  
 better than

where more effectually, than from the invocations of antiquity. But is it absolutely necessary that he should do this from the very language which they were written? I am myself what is called a good Greek and Latin scholar; and yet I believe I might be master of as much true knowledge as I have understood neither. There are many good reasons to be given why the study of these languages should not be cultivated: but I think this pursuit not to be carried too far; and that much of the time spent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them, might be employed to more advantage. I speak in general for there are some, who have a genius particularly suited to the study of words, that would never make any figure in the study of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in dead languages, that may not be read with advantage and satisfaction in the living, and particularly in our own; for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, the works of the best ancient authors have lost little by translation into our soil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am no less wise delighted with the French dress of the last. Mr. Smith's English of both. I can distinguish the gentility and ease of Cicero, and the spirit and plainness of Pliny, in their epistles, as they are translated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has read Mr. Pope's Homer, lament that he has not read in the original? And will not every man of taste admire the gaiety and good sense of Horace, the gallantry and genteel carelessness of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the passion and simplicity of Virgil, in the paraphrases and translations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve and Hamond? I instance these, as their beauties are with little difficulty transferred into a foreign language.

uld be endless to enumerate the English  
 at perhaps equal any thing in Greek or La-  
 ie Paradise Lost will be thought little infe-  
 re Iliad or Æneid in judgment, majesty, and  
 ic fire. The Essay on Criticism, I need not  
 to compare with the Epistle to the Pisos;  
 refer the Dunciad, Essay on Man, and the  
 istles, to any of the productions of antiquity.

you not join with me in preferring Alexan-  
 ast to all the extravagance of Pindar, in  
 harmony, and power of expression and num-  
 ie poets, it is true, had different views; but  
 tanding, there may be a comparison.

large farther, would carry me beyond the  
 promise to myself; I shall therefore con-  
 / remarks on this kind of writing, with ob-

that if we fall short of the ancients in any  
 polite writing, it is in the method of dia-

which some of them, as Xenophon, Plato  
 y, had most excellent talents: and yet I

t whether the dialogue on Medals, and the  
 Philosopher, may not rival any thing they  
 behind them: for as to their political writ-

man will think them equal to the Letters  
 xtism, and the Idea of a Patriot King. In

re are certainly deficient, though Raleigh,  
 n, and a few others are excellent in their

ut we as certainly make it up in mathema-  
 aral philosophy, physic, and the many ex-  
 eatises we have on morality, politics, and  
 dence.

xt my intention to resume a subject that has  
 mployed much abler pens, and to raise a  
 bout the comparative merits of the ancients  
 erns; nor would I by any means discourage  
 of the ancient languages; for I think the  
 ent in acquiring them extremely well em-

ployed: but I would willingly persuade such as are not masters of them, that they may become scholars and learned men with no other assistance than their own native English. I am sure I think no man more deserving of those names, who is conversant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton than he who is unacquainted with these great philosophers, though he should have read Plato, Aristotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know who I am, that decide so magisterially in a point so long given up, and of so much consequence to the republic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at present it is necessary I should screen myself from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbish. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, many of them possess more real learning, than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years poured upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered that the author of the WORLD has not been favoured with a much greater share of the productions of male correspondents than any of his predecessors, as he has set at naught Greek and Latin for their sakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reason, for so capricious are the sex, that though they despise a pedant, they despise the man who is not *homo literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that she could no more love a man whose learning was not superior to her own, than him who took all occasions of shewing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correspondent, I may be sometimes in your service; in which case, to shew my learning, my stile shall now and then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin.

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

A. C.

No. 138. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

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For several weeks past, I have been considering with myself how I might extend the use and entertainment of these my labours: for though thousands of my countrymen have experienced and are ready to attest their salutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but there are still people to be met with, who are by no means as wise and as good as they ought to be. General satire, as I have formerly observed, is what few people care to apply to themselves; and though I have hitherto been averse to particular and personal abuse, I am at last willing to try its effect, well-knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one in a million to the entertainment it gives, I shall have reason to bless myself for thus quarrelling with the world. I am sensible also that by adopting this method, I am increasing the number of my correspondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on so delightful a subject as the failings of his friends; especially when I shall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehensions for his safety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myself. I therefore hereby invite all persons whatsoever to transmit to me forthwith all the scandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or in default of such names, minute descriptions of persons, their alliances and connections, or the streets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correspondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not suffer the copiousness and enticement of the



subject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

I am sensible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at single rapier, will be necessary on this occasion ; but as I said before, I am contented to take the whole upon myself, rather than lay my correspondents under any restraint: my name is Adam Fitz-Adam ; I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, and, though an old man, shall be ready to give any gentleman satisfaction, who chuses to call upon me in a hackney-coach, and frank me to Hyde-park, or Montague-house.

To extend the usefulness of this paper still farther, it is my intention (notwithstanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with slander. I am in a manner compelled to make this second alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in these kingdoms is such a master of politics as myself ; and as a war with France seems now to be inevitable, I shall from time to time instruct our ministers in what manner to conduct it, and shall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I shall lay before them. This will be saving a great deal of trouble and peity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to instruct an administration, are times so divided in their opinions, that the said administration are forced to pursue their own measures for want of plain and punctual instruction from their friends.

The better to carry on this laudable design, I shall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I shall also devote three mornings in every week to the private instruction of all such ministers and members of parliament, as are desirous of confer-

with me at my lodgings up two pairs of stairs in the Trunk-maker's in St. Martin's-Lane. I shall likewise be ready to answer all questions in politics which gentlemen and ladies as would willingly inquire that science without study or application. I will tend greatly to the edification of all justifiers of the peace, nurses, midwives, country curates, parish clerks, whose ideas seem at present to be quite confused, for want of a thorough knowledge of the interests and connections of the several states of Europe, and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I shall keep a watchful eye over the king of France and his ministers, and will give timely notice of any intended invasions, and direct measures to defeat such invasions in proper time. I will find means of instructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural interests, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence I shall from time to time receive from the said powers; so that the public shall always be apprized beforehand of the measures they intend to take.

When I consider the vast utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am blessed with for carrying it on to the universal satisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confess a little hurt, by reflecting that while I am making a monopoly of politics and slander, I am doing an injury to those of my brother authors, who have long lived by dealing out their occasional speculations of those commodities. But I am comforted in second thoughts, that as this paper is published once a week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compositions with the most shining parts of it; and this they have free leave to do, provided that they add no reflections of their own, or pretend to doubt the superiority of my abilities, whereby disputes may

be raised upon any of those facts which I think proper to advance. The same indulgence hereby given to all writers or compilers of news-papers in Great Britain and Ireland: to have only the good of my country at heart, desirous of extending these my labours to the remotest parts of his Majesty's dominions. I also have this farther satisfaction, that the great complaint of the country's being deserted of inhabitants every winter may cease; as by means of this circulation every private gentleman may be constantly at his seat, and every clergyman living, without being obliged once a year to visit to London, in order to study politics, and to instruct the administration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned, remains still to be told. The circulation of this paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will doubtless be demanded in all courts, cities and large towns of Europe; by which means our enemies on the continent, finding the superiority of our wisdom, and knowing by whom our counsellors are counselled, will sue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the mean time, as we are entering into a war not of our own seeking, but merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and support of our undoubted rights, we shall direct the administration how to raise supplies, as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and success; and this I hope to effect to the body's satisfaction, which I humbly apprehend has not always been the case.

I am well aware that there are certain supercilious persons in the world, who may fancy that they have not discovered in my writings hitherto, these powerful abilities, to which I am now laying claim. To all such I shall only answer, let the event

we always thought it beneath me to boast of superior to other men, till the necessity of ~~s~~ compels me to produce them. Those ~~ow~~ me, will say of me what modesty forbids ~~d~~ say of myself: indeed it has been owing to uncommon degree of that sheepish quality, have not let my readers into many secrets of that would have amazed and confounded

e undertaken politics and slander at the same ~~m~~ a constant observation that there is a connection between those sciences, which it cult to break through. But I intend to vary he common method, and shall sometimes ~~olitics~~ without abuse, and abuse without po-

It may be feared perhaps that as I have ~~h~~ received no reward for the great candour ~~hich~~ I have treated the administration during ~~urse~~ of this paper, I may incline to direct ~~measures~~ out of pure spite; but I can assure ~~lers~~ that such fears are groundless: I have ~~g~~ at heart but the public good, and shall pro- ~~io~~ measures but such as are most apparently ~~cive~~ to the honour and glory of my native ~~y~~. In treating of these measures, I shall ~~thing~~ upon hypothesis, but will go mathe- ~~my~~ to work, and reduce every thing to de- ~~ration~~. For instance, if the war is only to be ~~al~~ one, I would instruct our minister (as a ~~n~~ ingenious painter is said to draw) by the tri- ~~. As~~ thus: The end of the war is an advan- ~~as~~ peace. Now suppose any triangle, equilib- ~~r~~ otherwise, where A shall signify the English ~~B~~ the French Fleet, and C the above peace; ~~solution~~ then will be no more than this, let the ~~A~~ take the fleet B, and you produce the peace ~~The~~ same solution will do in a land war where

where A and B may stand for armies instead fleets.

Having now sufficiently explained myself on this important occasion, I shall take leave of readers till next Thursday, at which time, unless should see reason to the contrary, I shall present them with a paper either of scandal or politics which shall be to all their satisfactions.

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No. 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

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I HAVE judged it proper to postpone politics another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of scandal, or whatever else they may please to call it, which has but just transpired, and which will quickly engage the conversation of all the best families in town and country. Those who are unacquainted with the parties concerned will I hope excuse me for publishing only the initial letters of their names, or sometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little complaisance than I may probably shew to other persons. At the same time I should be sorry to have it thought, that my tenderness upon this occasion arose from any selfish considerations of the consequences that might ensue; the sword of a gentleman of quality is no longer than that of another, nor, for any thing I have observed, is he a jot more dextrous at drawing a trigger. My mode of proceeding proceeds from the great respect which is due to persons in humble situations to men of high and illustrious birth: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that one or two stories are more of the same nature with what I am now

to relate, will entirely cancel my regrets, and enable me to treat them with the freedom of an

every body knows, at least every body is entitled to know, that the match between lord \*\*\* and miss G—— was brought about by the old earl, and the young lady; at whose house my lord unfortunately and fell desperately in love with miss L——, was a distant relation of the aunt, and who used to be there upon a visit, at the time of lordship's courtship to the niece. The character of miss L—— is too notorious to require a place in my narrative; though I must do her the justice to say, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practised upon her, before she was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man, whom she was to be the destined husband of her most intimate friend.

Those who knew of the affair between my lord and miss L——, endeavoured by every possible method to dissuade miss G—— from the match; indeed if that unfortunate young lady had not secured a title to happiness, she had treated his lordship as he deserved, from a thorough conviction that he had already bestowed his affections upon miss L——. But an union of hearts is by no means necessary in the marriages of the great. My lord and the old earl saw a thousand charms in miss G——'s large fortune; and the young lady and her friends every thing in a title that could be wished for in the married state. The ceremony was performed soon after at the earl's house; and the young lord and lady, though perfectly indifferent to each other; acted themselves so prudently in all company, that those who did not know them intimately, took them to be very happy people. The old earl dying soon after, my lord succeeded

to the estate and title of \* \* \*, and lived with lady in all the magnificence and splendor which large income could afford. His lordship had a considerable mortgage on the estate of Sir O—S—; and it was under pretence of settling so affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's seat at St. Alban's, that he set out the beginning of the month upon the expedition which has unhappily turned out so fatal to his peace. Colonel C \* \* gentleman too well known for his gallantries among the ladies to need the initial letters of his name, was to be of his lordship's party; and though the lord had two sets of horses of his own, yet for certain reasons, which may hereafter be guessed at, he hired a coach and six at Tubbs's, and set out on Tuesday for St. Alban's, with intention, as was generally supposed, to return on the Thursday following.

I should have informed my readers, that lady and the young viscountess D—, who was said to have a *tendre* for the colonel, were to meet there, the viscountess's coach at Barnet, on their return home, and that they were all to dine together at the Green Man. It was said, I know, that doctor \* who is a man of family, was of the lady's party: he had been an intimate acquaintance, and some secret lover of miss G—, before her marriage with \* \* \*. The doctor is a man much more fanciful in his wit and address than his practice; and is thought to be the author of a late extraordinary performance, which however celebrated, in my humble opinion, reflects more honour on his invention, than either on his knowledge in politics, or his character as a moral man. But I will avoid circumstances, and be as short as I can.

Doctor \* \* \*, though he lives at St. James's end of the town, had been several times in that well-known Batson's and Child's coffee-houses, and had d

olate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thursday lord \*\*\* and the colonel were to return from Alban's to meet lady \*\*\* and the viscountess at the Green man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion, that the doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H—y who had rly been a steward of lord \*\*\*. But H—y denies the fact, and lays the whole mischief on lady \*\*\*'s woman, who it seems had been housekeeper to the doctor, when he lived in the square. There reports of the doctor and this woman ; but whether she or H—y was the contriver of this villainy, will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of saying it) capable of undertaking any mischief whatever.

Lady \*\*\* and the viscountess, according to agreement, set out on Thursday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for dining. My lord and the colonel not being arrived, the viscountess recollected that she had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles distance, whom she proposed visiting in a post-chaise, under pretence of saving her own horses. As this acquaintance of the viscountess was a stranger to lady \*\*\*, her ladyship declined with her friend, and agreed to amuse herself with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every expected. The viscountess stepped immediately into the post chaise ; and soon after, as lady \*\*\* was looking out of the window of the inn, she saw a coach and six drive by very hastily towards London ; and the landlord declares that he saw lord \*\*\*, and the colonel, and two ladies in the coach, muffled up in cloaks. He also declares, that lady \*\*\* called out three times for the coach to



stop, but that no one answered, and the coachman drove out of sight in a few minutes.

I should have taken notice before, that as soon as the viscountess was gone upon her visit, as lady \*\*\* was sitting at the window next the road, the captain in quarters took great notice of her, and said to the chambermaid, in her ladyship's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to pass the afternoon with so fine a creature: upon which lady \*\*\* frowned upon him very severely, and began a smart conversation with him on his boldness and presumption.

The viscountess, to the great surprize of lady \*\*\*, did not return till near six in the evening, and seemed in great confusion while she endeavoured to apologize for her absence. But as lady \*\*\* was convinced that her lord was in the coach that drove so hastily towards London, she declared positively that she would not stir a step from the inn till he returned to fetch her; and insisted on the viscountess's going immediately to inform him of her resolution. The viscountess accordingly set out; and the captain was seen going up stairs soon after. But whether lord \*\*\* returned that night, or whether it was really his lordship's coach that passed by, is uncertain: however, lady \*\*\* has been missing ever since: and yesterday a lady was found drowned in Rosamond's pond, who is suspected to be her: for though lady \*\*\* was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown that day, and the person taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dressed in white; yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water, the body may be very much swelled, and the colours of the linen entirely discharged. One thing is certain, that lord \*\*\* is like a man distracted; the doctor, the steward, and my lady's woman, are taken into custody; and the colonel

nd the viscountess are fled nobody knows whither.

I shall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair; which I have brought into as short a compass as I was able, with truth and perspicuity. I am sensible that where names occur so often, and those only marked with asterisks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confusion: and indeed I should hardly have thought myself perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleased to assure me, that he never

t with any thing so plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumstantial upon this occasion, from a desire of pointing out in the most perspicuous manner the leading steps of this fatal catastrophe: for I am not satisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of persons of quality, unless I can warn them by their example against falling into the like errors.

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No. 140. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

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**T**HE report of the king of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English news-papers, was no more than I expected, after having in the WORLD of last Thursday was seen night, so plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his most christian majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure, that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these publications, for the private perusal of that

monarch and his ministers, and that a council deder to attend the reading of them as soon as arrive. But for very good reasons, I have th proper to change my intentions, and not meddl matters of state ; at least for the present. I to confess the truth, I have lately received fu viction that, great as my knowledge is in p there are those at the head of affairs, that kn the full as much as myself. Success is not in our power ; but if we are really to enter war with France, I have the pleasure of assuri common people of England, that they may d upon its being as well conducted, as if they h entire management of it in their own han even if I myself was to preside at all their me for settling plans and operations.

This and other reasons have inclined me fi present to lay aside politics, and to go on old way, mending hearts instead of heads, o nishing such amusements as may fix the a of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicio at least five minutes every week. Of this k the following little piece, which I received time since from a very ingenious correspo who intitles it.

#### A MEDITATION among the Books.

From every thing in nature a wise man m rive matter of meditation. In meditations v authors have exercised their genius, or to their fancy. An author who meant to be s has meditated on the *mystery of weaving* : an who never meant to be serious, has meditated *broomstick* : let me also meditate ; and a *libr books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable mul of authors are ranged ; different in their opi as in their bulk and appearance ; in what

all I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of rascals, where the common men have been forced to fight, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself,

*Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,  
And beef, and broth, and apple pyc  
Most slovenly assemble.*

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment betrays their inward simplicity? They are *law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes*. These are *acts of parliament*, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the SPHYNX of antiquity, they speak in ænigma's, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

These are *commentaries on statutes*; for the perusal of them, the longest life of man would prove inefficient; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and impossibility of understanding; yet are we not utterly destitute of relief. Behold for our part, *an abridgement of law and equity*! It consists of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folio's; yet as a few thin cakes may the whole nutritive substance of a stalled

ox, so may this compendium contain the gravity of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this alment to our perusal. Let us with all thanks of heart receive their counsel. Much are holden to physicians, who only prescribe the b of the *Quinquina*, when they might oblige their tients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a dec embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable : d are *controversial divines* ; so has the world agr term them. How arbitrary is language ! and no does the custom of mankind join words, that re son has put asunder ! Thus we often hear of be fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like : thus *controversial* and *divine* have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed t rule of life into a standard of disputation. Th have employed the temple of the Most High a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are dai exhibited, and where victory serves only to ex new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith who bestowed religion on mankind had secured they have encompassed it with various minute o works, which an army of warriors can with difficu defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtal antagonists of common sense ; the gentlemen w close up the common highway to heaven, and y open no private road for persons having oc to travel that way. The writers of this tribe rious, but in principles and manner nothing u milar. Let me review them as they stand ar m These are *Epicurean orators*, who have end ed to confound the ideas of right and wrong, w unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and sto jobbers. These are *inquirers after truth*, who ne

aid of knowledge in their re-

5. These are ascetics, who labour earnestly to free themselves out of their own existence; resembling that choice spirit, who endeavour-rtfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be d by himself. Last of all, are the com- of *rhapsodies, fragments*, and (strange to say) *ghs*.

Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a vo- f peculiar appearance: its meagre aspect, and ty gaudiness of its habit, make it bear a per- semblance of a decayed gentleman. The ed monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the second; it was the dar- d only child of a man of quality. How did rent exult at its birth! How many flatterers d it beyond their own offspring, and urged dulous father to display its excellencies to ole world! Induced by their solicitations, ther arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, tted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems erson of honour*. While he lived, his booby ing was treated with the cold respect due to nk and fortune of its parent: but when death cked up his kitchen, and carried off the keya cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the ; it was kicked from stall to stall, like a des- prostitute; and after various calamities, was ed out of the hands of a vender of Scots snuff, afely placed as a pensioner in the band of hinkers.

Now first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, tion! all these authors were originally thy vo- ! They promised to themselves a fame more le than the calf-skin that covered their works: lf-skin (as the dealer speaks) is in excellent

condition, while the books themselves remain prey of that silent critic the worm.

Compleat cooks and conveyancers; book-school divinity and Tommy Thumb; little books, systems of philosophy, and memoirs of men of pleasure; apologies for the lives of; and prime ministers, are all consigned to common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which prete little reputation, and by a strange felicity whatever it demands. To be useful for months only is the whole of its ambition though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy  
**ALMANACK.**

No. 141: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11,

THE following letter was mislaid; which is the reason of its not having appeared earlier in the paper. The excuse, perhaps, is less pardonable than the fault; but it is the only one I can make in truth; and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If ever you take the trouble of looking in the public papers besides your own, you will help observing the many curious experiments, of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in *running, riding, leaping, a*

*wire-dancing*, and various other useful persons of all ranks and fortunes.

Will you give credit to these extraordinary talents, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, because of the great they do to our age and country: and it is with high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times, that I have been hitherto

in my expectations of seeing public rewards bestowed on these illustrious persons, who by such experiments have shewn great things the powers of nature are capable when properly directed. Newton was one, and both he and Mr. Locke had very high places under the government: and mighty matters did these philosophers do, in comparison of our new experiment-makers? contented themselves with looking into the structure, and went no farther. The mind formed ideas just as it used to do, before the *new human understanding* had banished from the doctrine of *innate principles* and *sublimities*: and Newton after he had demolished the fables of Descartes, left the planets just as he found them. They have rolled round the sun in the same time, and at the same distance before and since his discoveries. But our modern workers have found the secret of controuling the powers of nature, and have actually accomplished what in the wards of bedlam, and the laboratory of Logada, it would have been thought impossible to attempt.

It is possible it may be objected to me, that the moderns and ancients are totally different: and instead of following the modern chiefs in philosophy, I should have turned my eyes to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose exploits have been the admira-



tion of so many ages. Be it so. We own the semblance, and have no reason to be afraid of comparison: for besides that many of these exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be considered that some of them were only the effect of brute force, and that the merit of others is divided among multitudes, who all had a share in their production; no doubt can be made, on a comparison between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whose side the balance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity, but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choicest poets and historians, those of our own times, no less extraordinary, should be left to pass down to posterity, on no better authority than the doubtful testimony of a common news-paper.

Mr Fitz-Adam, you profess yourself a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our first parents; act up then to this character, and do justice: suffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnasia of Greece and Rome would have stood aghast; which would have been honoured with statues and crowns of olive at Olympia; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens and an ovation, if not a triumph, at Rome. It is not ingratitude to fix a stain upon our country, which it would never be able to wipe off.

I pretend not to enumerate, or even to be sensible of all the advantages with which these singular efforts of genius will be attended: but in natural philosophy and religion their uses are apparent at the first glance.

Experiments, it is now agreed on all hands to be the only solid basis of natural science. In this Bacon and Newton led the way; but their followers have ennobled them; they have transferred it

by *inert matter*, to the very *quintessence* of their horses and themselves. What before fit for recluse pedants, they have made current and the business of fine gentlemen. I beg leave, by the way, to propose a list of the lovers of these noble arts, which I do not be thought altogether unworthy of mention.

Let a *gentleman* is able to drive a wheel-carriage a given number of miles in an hour, when the motion of his horses is progressive, or according to the usual course of their limbs; how much time should be allowed to do it in when his horses are in a gallop, or tails foremost.

Let us come to religion. These new experiments shew how little we understand of the bounds of divinity. Had such experiments been provided to, a certain gentleman that shall be named might have spared his haughty challenges to the founders of the christian faith. Our brave king will soon make him sensible of his error, and the edge of that formidable broad-sword will be turned on himself, with which he has threatened to cut off late the christian world. Will he any more pretend to say, that no testimony can make credible that is contrary to experience, or defy him to match, in the annals of any country, the feats which he is forced to acknowledge the credit of a common news-paper?

Let us run through all the arts and sciences, and let them shew the wonderful advantage of experiments: but this is a task that demands a more able hand: I therefore propose, when his majesty shall have incorporated the authors of a new Royal Society, which I hope will be that one of our most eminent pens be appointed after the example of bishop Sprat, to write

the history of the society; and another, as example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on ticular members. And I desire that you immediately look out for two such persons as your correspondents; which I should imagine no great difficulty to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the

I am, SIR,

*Your humble servant.*

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Walking the other day through Wapping the humours of the place, I happened to cast eyes upon the windows of an alehouse, where was written in large capitals, ROMAN PURL. I had a curiosity to ask of a man who was walking by me, why it might not as well have been called TISH PURL, as ROMAN PURL? 'O sir,' said he, 'the landlord has had twenty times the business since he gave his liquor that outlandish name, as soon found that my sagacious informer was a rogue of leather breeches, by seeing him enter, and then himself to work in a shop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper, *The TRUE LONDON leather-breeches balls, sold here by the dozen*.' I confess I was a little surprised to find the people of admiring every thing foreign, had extended themselves to so great a distance from St. James's; and I conceived an opinion that none but our betters, and the polite end of the town, were the despisers and discouragers of our home manufactures.

As I see no solid reason for this universal contempt to every thing that is English, I should be glad to hear your sentiments on the subject, which will oblige me,

SIR,

*Your constant reader, and admirer,*

shall forbear making any remarks upon this ; that I may oblige a very witty correspondent whose letter I received a few days ago, by the post. But I must entreat the favour of this n, and of all others who may incline to to me in so laconic a stile, to chuse another od of conveyance, for fear their letters should times happen to miscarry.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ay be so kind as to insert this in your next.

Yours,  
W. B.

142. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

the publication of my correspondent's letter subject of noise, I have received the two fol- which I shall lay before my readers for the nment of to-day.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ur paper which treats of the passion for noise, in one respect given me some pleasure; the ions in it being such as I have often made en, and the ridicule intended by them what y persons in the world very justly deserve. At same time I could not help feeling some un- ness, on being led by those observations, to re- t seriously and deliberately upon my own mis- ues.

'ill I was about forty years old, I had lived a helor in London; at which time having ac-  
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quired a comfortable fortune in the mercantile ; I retired into the country ; and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a social companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman: a *notable* I am sure she is: but though chastity and modesty may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at the expence of meekness, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better be without them. I called at your friend Dodsley's the last time I was in town, to look in Mr. Johnson's dictionary for the meaning of the word *notable*; but could find no such epithet applied to a wife. I wish with all my heart that he had given us a definition of that character, as also of a *good woman*, which, according to some alehouse signs in the country, is a woman without a head.

I have long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is *courage*, so the principal virtue of a woman is *silence*: my wife, indeed, of the contrary way of thinking, with regard to this female virtue: but till I am stark deaf, I shall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbest of all; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard and garden with maccaws and peacocks.

Besides the domestic noises with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately near the church, and in the hearing of ten bells, which our parishioners have set up, in room of one single bell, by which for many years before, the proper notice for church-time, and parochial matters, had been usually given.

advantage of the sound of these bells should be lost, one of our wealthy yeomen has been by will a considerable sum of money to the parish, for a certain number of years or six times a week for ever. About the time of this desirable acquisition, the new method of singing was introduced into our church, by a set of fellows who call themselves the singers: so that the good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to hear their terrible bawling and discord, and have never been taught to sing in treble time, or any thing solemn in the airs of a jig.

It seems also that our parish is famous for denizens of what is called *rough music*, consisting of dances on cow-horns, salt-boxes, warming-pan-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallooing, and all sorts of hideous noises, with which the young wags of the village serenade their neighbours on several occasions, particularly those families which (as the phrase is) the grey mare is the worse for.

I am thus accustomed to noise in the day time, and am frequently awaked out of my sleep (though in consequence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night; so that in almost all my hours of retirement, I am surrounded by humbers, and even in my devotions, I am continually tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the

being my case, I would advise you Mr. M., by all possible means, to discourage your passion for noise. If you are a married man, and have a *notable* wife (though from the temper and spirit with which you write, I should rather think you to be a batchelor) you will need neither force nor intreaties to set about this work of sadness. I am firmly persuaded that if

you can put an end to all unreasonable noise will then accomplish that universal reformation of sentiments and manners, for which your plan is intended. The women will be discreet and the men rational companions for their wives and one another.

After what I have here said of myself, I let you know the first syllable of my name is the village where I live; but I desire never to be esteemed as your very good friend though unknown,

*Your most faithful humble servant*

P. S. I forgot to tell you that I have three girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to cry in my ears with their cries, for not being woful before their time, and as notable as their mother had like to have escaped me too, that though their wife is reckoned to have the best times of any man in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or screaming, that Mrs. \* \* \* is in labour.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

Finding by a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and quietness, I am enraged, though a woman, to make known my opinion to you. I have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, not a sickly constitution, and was reckoned by my acquaintance, a girl of a mild and gentle disposition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverse of mine; and though I was ready to obey the notice of his will, yet his commands were given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice,

terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his begining to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occasions, was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate ; and as in her cooler hours she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority ; so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country-house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at this house, I need not tell you, how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noise which proceeded from these mills.

At last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun ; and had mounted on a little fortification that was thrown up against the



front of his house, eleven nine pounders, were constantly discharged ten or a dozen over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all his and rejoicings. The noise of these cannon more terrible to me than all the rest, and have rendered my continuance there intolerable. A young gentleman, a relation of the captain, not held me by the heart-strings, and softe the most tender courtship in the world, the of these firings. In short, I staid at the captain's, my fortune was in my own power, and then to a husband.

But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to and contention as long as I live. This tender lover is the most tyrannical of husbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills and the cannon, which so much disturbed me, are but sounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himself into one of his fits. It is the study of my life to oblige and please him, yet I offend and disgust him by every thing. If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am sullen and answer, though with the utmost mildness, either insolent or impertinent. How may I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at present subdued, that I can submit to any thing. I have my case before you for your advice; being convinced, by your speculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the sex, though sometimes take the liberty of telling us otherwise. It is not so much at the crossness of my husband, as at the loudness of his voice, that I complain. I could submit with some kind of patience to be beat, pinched, scratched, or any thing, so that the drum of my ear was not entirely in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the

lice; but till that happy time arrives, I am  
miserable of women, though much Mr.  
Admirer,

*Admirer, and humble servant.*

143. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

GH T hourly to be looking up with gratitude  
praise to the CREATOR of my being, for hav-  
formed me of a disposition that throws off  
particle of spleen, and either directs my at-  
tion to objects of chearfulness and joy, or ena-  
me to look upon their contraries as I do on  
s on a picture, which add force to the lights,  
beauty to the whole. With this happiness of  
itation, I can behold the luxury of the times,  
ring food and cloathing to the hungry and the  
l, extending our commerce, and promoting  
ncouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon  
orrors of war, as productive of the blessings  
njoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of  
ind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful  
that my own lot has been more favourable.

re is a passage in that truly original poem,  
the Spleen, which pleases me more than al-  
any thing I have read. The passage is this:

*Happy the man, who, innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide:  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;  
And when he can't prevent foul play  
Enjoys the follies of the fray.*

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one; but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind; as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart, those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessities of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, which the nar-

of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more so to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sinking in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain?

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the CREATOR passed on man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread*; for to the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily see produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience, yet is that curse so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely, of those, who by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of

child-birth of DISEASE. CONTENTMENT, absence of her sister, gave herself up to the temptations of SLOTH, and was never heard of again. While LABOUR, who could have no rest without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by L in her way, and died in misery.'

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No. 144. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2,

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THE following letter is of so interesting nature that I have put my printer to no small expence in getting it ready at a very short notice for this day's publication. If the contents be genuine, I hardly know of a punishment, or author of such complicated ruin does not exist. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are in themselves for human nature to bear; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured with the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent are abundantly recompensed, and temporary sorrows are crowned with endless joys.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

If your breast has any feeling for the distressed and ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give the most unhappy story a place in your next issue. It may possibly come time enough to prevent the catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and to utter distraction a poor helpless family have more misery already than they are able to bear.

throne him, like our own, in the hearts of ple; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a privilege to be honoured, but not envied.

happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be in those stations, which neither totally subvert us to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it.

Power is the parent of disquietude, and of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I conclude these reflections with the following:

LABOUR, the offspring of WANT, and the mother of HEALTH and CONTENTMENT, lived with her daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a great distance from town. They were acquainted with the great, and had kept no company than the neighbouring villagers: having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. LABOUR went soberly along the path with HEALTH on her right hand, who, by the sweetness of her conversation, and songs of merriness and joy, softened the toils of the way: CONTENTMENT went smiling on the left, following the steps of her mother, and by her cheerful good-humour, increasing the vivacity of her.

In this manner they travelled over forests and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughter to lose sight of her; for it was the will of heaven, she said, that their separation should be perpetual with the utter ruin of all three. But LABOUR was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsel of CONTENTMENT; she suffered herself to be deceived by INTemperance, and at last died in

some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies. The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words:

‘MADAM,

‘For reasons that you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post-chaise and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you and that I am;

‘MADAM,

‘*Your very sincere friend*

‘*and humble*

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not

e of a syllable that I wanted to know. My  
I indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning;  
a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying  
it as I really hoped better things, and flat-  
tured myself that the young ladies were apprehen-  
sive of a marriage between their father and my  
son, soothed him into patience, and sat out

told all night; and early the next morn-  
ing I set myself at the end of my journey.—O, sir!  
I have to tell it? I found my daughter in a situ-  
ation most shocking that a fond mother could  
be in! She had been seduced by her benefactor,  
and was visibly with child. I will not detain you  
with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy  
father at this meeting, nor with my own distract-  
edness at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt  
from the eldest of the young ladies, that she had  
discovered some unwarrantable intimacies be-  
tween her father and my girl; and that finding in  
her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of  
her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon  
the subject, and brought her to a full confession of  
it: that farther, her infatuated father was  
come to town, to provide lodgings for the ap-  
parent necessity, and that my poor deluded  
son consented to live with him afterwards in  
London, in the character of a mistress.

I did not tell you, sir, the horror I felt at this  
discovery. Let it suffice that I returned with my  
son and child, with all the haste I was able. Nor  
need I say how painful that I should tell you of the rage and  
confusion of a fond and distracted father at our  
home. Unhappily for us all, he was too  
near his menaces, which I suppose reached the  
heart of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago



caused him to be arrested upon his bond and carried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared trouble of this relation, and buried my own bosom. Alas ! sir, I have another concern more insupportable to me than all I have. My distracted husband in the anguish has written to my son, and given him a aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, imprisonment ; conjuring him (as he has said to me this morning) by the honour and by every thing he holds dear, to stand firm in doing justice with his sword against the destroyer of his family. The fatal letter came last week, and has left me in the utmost agony at the thought of what may happen. I am hurried from the rashness and impetuosity of my notions of honour and justice by the image of a young soldier, who in defiance of the law, has taken the judge in his own cause, and the avenger of blood, which heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion, the agony of a fond mother's distress. I have fatal farebodings that my letter will come too late. What is this honour, and what is this justice that prompts men to acts of violence, and either leaves them victims to the rage of their own unwarrantable rashness ? As I was able in this distracted condition, I have done my duty before him ; and have charged him, for his soul's sake, and for the sake of those dearer loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family whose distresses already are near sinking in the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that remains to me, is the hope that your publication

warn the wretch who has undone us of his anger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

SIR, *Your greatly distressed,  
but most faithful humble servant.*

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No. 145. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1755.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress towards the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men, in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would lay upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the

addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation; with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending *my* happiness only, and of raising me to a rank which neither my person nor fortune gave me any pretensions to: on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be any such obligation on either side; having generally observed that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his sentiments were upon the occasion, may be seen by the following letter, which, among a thousand of the same kind; I shall here transcribe.

• It is as impossible for me to rise, and not write to my angel, as to lie down and not think of her. I am too happy. Pray use me a little ill, that I may come to a right state of mind; for at present I can neither eat nor sleep: yet I am more good-humoured than all the world; and then so compassionate, that I pity every man I see. My dearest loves only me, and all other men must be miserable. I wonder that any body can laugh besides myself: if it be a man, he makes me jealous; I fancy that he enter-

ins hopes of my charmer; for the world has nothing else in it to make him chearful.

' And now, my life! I have done with all my doubts; the time approaches, that will change them to happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and death excepted, that can possibly prevent it. Our measures will lie in so narrow a compass, that we all always be within reach of them. To oblige and be obliged, will be all we want; and how sweet it is to think, that the business of our lives, and the delight of our hearts, will be the same thing! I mean, the making each other happy! but I am doomed to be more obliged than I have power to oblige.—What a life am I to have! Indeed, my love, I shall think myself the worst, if I am not the very best of all husbands.

*Adieu!*

Upon my making a visit of a few days to a friend in town, where I desired him not to come, he wrote to me as follows:

' This lazy penny-post, how I hate it! It is two tedious days that I must wait for an answer to what I write. I will set up a post of my own, that will go and come every two hours; and then upon condition that I hear from you by every return of it, I will obey your commands, and not think of disobeying you. I wonder you have not taken it into your head to bid me live without breathing. But I care, my love, that you never give up the power you have over me; for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load you so with love and kindness, that your little heart shall almost break, in struggling how to be grateful. I will be tormenting you every day, and all day long. I will prevent every wish. Even the poor comfort of hope

shall be denied you ; for you shall know that of your to-morrows shall be happier than your terdays. Your pride too shall be mortified will out-love you, and be kinder to you than can possibly be to me. All these miseries you suffer, and yet never be able to wish for do relieve you from them. So if you have a mind to avoid my cruelties, resolve not to marry me. I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute what I have threatened.'

How tender and obliging were these expressions I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I answered all, in an equal strain of fondness. But in the midst of this sweet intercourse, he was unhappily seized with the small-pox. The moment he was seized of his distemper, he conjured me in a letter to come near him, lest his apprehensions for me (which he had never had it) should prove more fatal than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind : but how was it possible for me to leave him ? I flew to him when he was at the height of his distemper, and would not leave him till they took me at force. The consequence of this visit was, I caught the infection, and sickened next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much more dangerous than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had almost every hour in the day to inquire how I did, and when he saw me out of danger (though much altered from my former self) his transport was not to be told or imagined. I cannot express the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening.

'What language shall I invent to tell the contentment of my soul how happy this visit has made me. To see you restored to health was my heart's wish ; nor can my eyes behold a change :

face (if they can be sensible of any change) that will not endear it to me beyond the power of beauty. Every trace of that cruel distemper will be considered by me as a love mark, that will for ever revive in my soul the ideas of that kindness by which it came. Lament not a change then, that makes you lovelier to me than ever : for till your soul changes (which can never happen) I will be only and all

‘ Yours.’

THIS letter, and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty, as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come, that was to shew me this generous and disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after ; and to the surprize of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a dower to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generosity ; but how like a divinity he appeared to me when by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter !

‘ Think, not, my soul, that any external accident can occasion the least change in my affections. I rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me of proving to my dearest creature, that I loved her only for herself. I have fortune enough for both ; or if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all our wants. This cruel business, how angry it makes me ! But a very few days, my life, shall bring me to your arms, O ! how I love you ! Those are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with them ; or if I should have the misery to out-live you, they will only be changed to—O ! how I loved her ! But the how, my dear, is not to be told ;

your own heart must teach it you. When is it that I shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of my life, after having lived many, many years.

*'Your obliged, and happy husband.'*

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it; and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence, that my lover was married the very next day, to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am, SIR,  
*Your most obedient servant,*

M. B.

No. 146. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1755.

I HAVE so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate<sup>d</sup> them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them: I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of

opolis; hurried by a nervous husband  
country captivity, and there exposed to the  
ns of the neighbouring knights, squires, and  
is, their wives, sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and

The metropolis was at once the seat of her  
e, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from  
e, how great the fall! how dreadful the pri-  
Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-  
at the mansion-seat, sublimely seated, like a  
oned eastern monarch; some few books, scat-  
up and down, seem to imply that she finds no  
ation in any. The unopened knitting-bag  
her painful leisure. Inseparable to the pro-  
endearments of her tender infants, they are  
way for being so *abominably noisy*. Her dress  
n neglected, and her complexion laid by. I  
t ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one;  
onfess that this image struck me so strongly,  
welt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears  
ny eyes.

e prorogation of the parliament last spring was  
ital forerunner of this summer captivity. I  
ell aware of it, and had some thoughts of pre-  
g a short treatise of consolation, which I would  
presented to my fair country-women, in two  
ee weekly papers, to have accompanied them  
ir exile: but I must own that I found the at-  
greatly above my strength; and inadequate  
lation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in  
ind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched  
ery modest modern should do) the ancients,  
ler to say in English, whatever they had said,  
atin or Greek upon the like occasion; but far  
finding any case in point, I could not find one  
y degree like it. I particularly consulted Ci-  
upon that exile which he bore so very indif-  
tly himself; but to my great surprize, could not



meet with one single word of consolation, address and adapted to the fair and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher we have had either a contempt for, or an aversion to the fair sex; for it is very observable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single word addressed directly and exclusively to them; where I humbly presume that an old woman wants least as much, if not more comfort than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry their virtue along with them, if they please.

However, though I could administer no comfort to my fair fellow-subjects under country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon the approaching liberty.

As there must have been during this year (I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a more extensive existence) a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply the sinking fund to the discharge of debts incurred, and not divert it to the cure of the ensuing year. I would not be understood, I mean only the payment of debts of luxury contracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Faro; too apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women, and even to affect their countenance at the approach of a creditor. As for shop-keepers, mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, such like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; some how or other those people will shift for themselves, or at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I will also advise those fine women, who, by

unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town, but on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation: but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the commutation opened again, and all the barriers of plaster and stucco removed. Be it known to them,

that there is not a man in England, who does infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whites artificial skin ; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names ; which however I decline ; but if I thought it could be of any use, could easily present them with a round robin that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-known physical experiment. The shining glass tube, say he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to close contact ; but the same feather, from the moment that it is taken off the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application ; but, aver the omen, my dear country-women !

Another, who seems to have some knowledge of chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of *succedaneum* to the various greasy, glutinous, and pernicious applications so much used of late. It is as follows :

*Take of fair clear water quantum sufficit ; put it into a clean earthen or china bason ; then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener as occasion may require.*

I own, the simplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair country-women. It is free from all the inconveniences and nastiness of all other preparations of art whatsoever. It does not stink, as all others do ; it does not corrode the skin

thers do ; it does not destroy the eyes, nor teeth, as all others do ; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the motions of a *tête à tête*, as most others do.

ing thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely women during their captivity, and my of congratulations upon their approaching

I heartily wish them a good journey to . May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, the metropolis which, six months ago, they quitted with tears !

147. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

favoured with the following letter by a correspondent ; who (if I am not mistaken in the hand) has obliged me before. I cannot better testify the approbation of what he writes, than by desiring the continuation of his favours, as often as he has leisure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly to the assistance of such correspondents, that this paper has extended its date beyond the period of such kind of productions : and (if I am allowed to say it) they have given it a value which could hardly have been accomplished by a single hand. Whether it be modesty or that compels me to this confession, I shall let the reader to determine, after telling him, that it is to the full as pleasing to me, not to have been thought unworthy of the assistance I have received, as it would have been myself the composer of the most approved pieces in this collection.

## To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In this land of liberty, he who can procure printer commences author, and instructs the public. Far be it from me to censure this spirit of advising so prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatises of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You must no doubt have observed, that every man who is in possession of a diamond, arrogates to himself this privilege of instructing others: hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public resort, are so amply furnished with miscellaneous observations, by various authors.

One advice may be given to all writers, whether on paper or on glass; and it is comprehended in the single word THINK. My purpose at present is to illustrate this maxim, in as far as it respects the latter sort of authors.

I divide the authors who exercise the diamond into four classes; the *politicians*, the *historians*, the *lovers*, and the *satyrists*.

The mystery, or art of politics, is the business of every one, who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence so many *politicians* make their appearance on glass. It is there that controversies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the established laws of controversy are observed: some one asserts the truth of a proposition; another contradicts him; rogues and rascal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in dispute, is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if these gentlemen would be but pleased to THINK, and keep their temper

might the world be edified ! One might acquire much useful knowledge by travelling post through the land, as ever the philosophers of Athens did by walking in their porticoes ; and our great turnpike-roads would afford as complete a system of politics, as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian travels. In a word, the debates on the windows of George or the Bell, might prove no less interesting, than the debates of the political club, or the society at the ROBIN HOOD.

Were this proposed reformation to take place, the attractors for the magazines of Knowledge and the poor might forage successfully on window-glass. I need not insist farther on these considerations : their zeal for the public service is well known : in the view of amusing and instructing, they have lately ransacked the records of pastry-schools, the manuscript collections of good housewives' receipts in cookery ; but they have consulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and merry epitaphs.

*Historians* on glass are of various sorts : some *chronologers*, and content themselves with informing us that they were at such a place, on such a day, in their way to this or that town or county.

Some are *chorographers*, and minutely describe the nature and condition of the highways and the

roads. A third sort may be termed *annalists*, and imagine that fact deserves to be recorded, because it is fact ; and on this account they tell the world that on such a day they fell down, or got drunk, or did some other thing of no significance.

One thought would abridge the labour of these writers. Let them reflect on the nothingness of accidents, and surely they will abstain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of

trifles are necessary : man is a sociable and talkative animal ; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they must content themselves with relating what they have *seen*. On this principle are most coffee-house societies established. But why must a man be an and narrative on window-glass ? Let him reserve his dulness for the club-night, and, as Dogberry in the play says, bestow all his tediousness on his own companions.

I now proceed to the most numerous tribe of all the *lovers* ; and shall only hint at some enormities in their conduct. And first of all, as to their custom of writing the names of their mistresses with *anno domini* at the end of them ; as if the chronicle of love were to be as exactly kept as a parish register. To what good purpose can this serve ? To inscribe the names of fair ladies on glass, may, indeed, convey a pretty moral signification ; since female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature ; but when the year of duration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulness ? Her waiting-maid may extol her good looks ; her mirror may deceive her ; her powder of pearl and Spanish wool may favour the illusion ; but *pretty miss Such-a-one 1730*, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor passion can refute.

The *lovers* also deserve censure for their habit of writing in verse. Because all poets are lovers, these gentlemen sagely conclude that all lovers are poets ; and on the faith of this inverted aphorism, they commence rhymers. He who cannot compose a sermon, does well to read the words of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are in their service ; their only care ought to be in the service

n. And yet this caution, simple as it is, has neglected by many lovers, who have condescended to steal. Hence it is that the wealth of the frequently declared insufficient for the purchase of a girl, who would be dear at half-a-crown; Milton's description of the mother of human kind perverted to the praise of some little mil-

*satyrists* come now to be considered. These are certainly of a strange composition. While one is getting ready, they amuse themselves with drawing out a list of the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Without the aid of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the reputation of men better and wiser than themselves. Not mistaken, a defamation is no less punishment when inscribed on glass, than when committed on paper. This consideration may prevent fools from drawing flying arrows and death, although reason and equity cannot.

The chief of all *satyrists* are they who scribble their vituperation on windows. Every word which they write is a severe reflection on themselves, and, in consequence, on the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What must foreigners entertain of a nation, where such ribaldry meets the eye on every window? The peculiarity peculiar, in a great measure, to Great Britain. Do these writers indeed believe themselves to be wits? Let them but step into the smoking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their residence, and they will perceive that the black men equal their masters in this species of wit. Vainly do people of fashion attempt to moralize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, if they and their footmen apply themselves to



the same studies, the latter will probably be the best proficient.

Be wise therefore, O ye scribblers, and THINK.  
I am, &c.

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No. 148. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

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CIVILITY and GOOD-BREEDING, are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

GOOD-BREEDING necessarily implies CIVILITY; but CIVILITY does not reciprocally imply GOOD-BREEDING. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but I believe, a true definition of CIVILITY: to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is GOOD-BREEDING. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good-sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-sense.

FLATTERY is the disgrace of GOOD-BREEDING, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. GOOD-BREEDING is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

CEREMONY is the superstition of GOOD-BREEDING, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think,



'GOOD-BREEDING alone restrains their excess. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: this, it is true, at the expence of sincerity; but upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend GOOD-BREEDING, thus prophaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what degree the accomplishment of GOOD-BREEDING may adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect GOOD-BREEDING, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere CIVILITY, far as CIVILITY is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit de Loir* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen, says he, are the best-bred people in the world it is only because they are the vainest.* It is certain that their GOOD-BREEDING and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay themselves with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and on without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that GOOD-BREEDING were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction,

seems to be. It might even be substituted in of some academical studies, that take deal of time, to very little purpose ; or at might usefully share some of those many are so frequently employed upon a coach-stables. Surely those who by their rank are called to adorn courts, ought at least to grace them by their manners.

It serves with concern, that it is the fashion of both sexes, to brand GOOD-BREEDING with the name of ceremony and formality. As to ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its place an offensive carelessness and inattention, to do this, I will venture to say, even of their friends, if they know what true pleasures

and friendship necessarily produce, and to prize familiarity : but then GOOD-BREEDING marks out its bounds, and say, thus far go, and no farther ; for I have known passion and many a friendship degraded, and at last (if I may use the expression) *turned* away, by an unguarded and illiberal

Nor is GOOD-BREEDING less the ornament of common social life : it connects, and at the same time that it indulges the passions, restrains that indecent licentiousness of youth, which alienates and provokes. Great fame a man famous, great merit makes him great, and great learning makes him esteemed ; GOOD-BREEDING alone can make him beloved.

I commend it in a more particular manner to young women, as the greatest ornament to them as have beauty, and the safest refuge to those who have not. It facilitates the victories, crowns the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty ; or in some degree atones for the want of

it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though GOOD-BREEDING cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

No. 149. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

*Cantantes licet usque (minus via ledet) camus.*

VIRGIL.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I do not know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your compliments to a most useful branch of this community; I mean the ancient and reputable society of BALLAD-SINGERS. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country-people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerines, but earn an honest livelihood, by a proper exertion of those talents with which nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-shouldered porter may live by the prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the same turning petticoat-pensioner, I do not see why a person endued with the gift of a melodious voice, is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can possibly arise from it.

With regard to the antiquity of this profession, in all probability, we owe the invention of it to Homer itself, who hawked his Iliad about streets for an obolus a book. But as the trade

brought into any republic, and as  
: refinement of modern age  
a breath for himself and his  
Salian, made a great and com-  
arnessed Pegasus to carry him to  
his palaces : and by means of  
made shift to pick out the best  
his improvement our nation is  
lected : whether they are  
ily ominous or doubtful, the  
sneers of the multitude, and  
out their insolent eyes, and  
vented them from making  
will not pretend to estimate  
g the Romans, and the  
Virgil makes use of the same  
by way of expression.

— **John** ...  
**Michael** ...

was because I had been told that the  
flashy ones were the best. I had  
d straw. I had been told that the  
air country was the best. I had  
ery syllable. I had been told that  
d pining. I had been told that  
d instruction. I had been told that  
I suspect that I had been told that  
ays.

SECRET

በፍቃድ ሚኒስቴር ስም ማሳሰቢያ

Is the  $\mathbb{Z}$ -module  $\mathbb{Z}^n$  free? If so, find a basis.

is not the national society, the country-  
would not have won the world of letters.  
XIII

goes on. Party songs might come out, and the son never see them; jovial songs, and the son never hear them; or love songs, and his daughter never sigh over them. I would have a ballad-seller well furnished with all these, before she sets out on her travels; then bloody murders for school-boys and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring tricks for footmen and maid-servants, histories and romances for young masters and misses, will turn to a excellent account. And as the trades of ballad-singer and fortune-telling generally go together in the country, like surgeon and apothecary, I think it would not be amiss if their friends the poets would furnish them with rhymes suited to the occasion, that their predictions may wear the true mask of oracles like those of the Sybils, be given out in metre. To come still nearer to the original, a joint venture would make an excellent tripod.

Useless as this profession may seem, it serves to support two others; I mean the worshipful and numerous companies of printers who have no business but to print, and poets who have no genius. A good song, or a very good song, *I love Sue*, for instance, or *Clara and Phæbe*, will run you through fifty editions: let it be never so good, it will always give way to a newer; so that the printer has by this means a constant employment for his press, which would otherwise be idle, and the poet a constant market for his wit, which would otherwise live and die with the author in obscurity.

As I have a great regard for these itinerant performers, not arising from any personal favours they have received from them, nor founded on whim or fancy, but from a well-weighed consideration of their service to the public, I have thought of a scheme, which will at once both ennoble their profession, and render their lives infinitely more

fortable. It is this : Many professors of music, whose talents have shamefully been neglected in town (for in these degenerate days men of merit are but little regarded) condescend, for the amusement of the country-people, to enliven the humours of the wake with violins, dulcimores, harpinets, &c. With these ingenious gentlemen I would persuade our fair ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few misfortunes they have indeed met with, which I think myself obliged in honour to reveal ; and those are, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a prudent, thinking woman would disregard, when over-balanced by such excellent qualifications. The expence of children may possibly be urged, as an objection to this scheme ; but I answer, that children will of necessity come, whether our ballad-singing ladies are married or not : and while the parents are mutually travelling with the younger at their backs, the elder will, in all probability be able to walk ; so that they may get a reputable livelihood, by the lawful profession of begging till such time as they are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of music under the tuition of their father. But pilfering I would by all means have them avoid ; it hurts the credit of the profession.

Now what a comfortable life must this be ! A perpetual concert of vocal and instrumental music ! And if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him beasts and trees (by which people are apt to imagine that nothing more is meant than the country bumpkins) what will not the melodious fiddle of one of these professors do, when in union with the voice of his beautiful helpmate ?

As for the marriage act, and guardians consent, such new-fangled stuff, I would by no means have them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies, in town for the winter season, are generally



resident about Fleet-Ditch, a certain public-spirited clergyman, who lodges in that neighbourhood, and whom I would by all means recommend, will tack together half a dozen couple at a minute's warning, and the parliament be never the wiser.

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

T. D.

*Whereas two letters, signed A. Z. have been lately sent to Mr. Fitz-Adam; the first containing a very witty, but wanton abuse of a lady of great worth and distinction; the second full of scurrilous resentment against Mr. Fitz-Adam, for not publishing the said letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, that till his manners bear some little proportion to his wit, he cannot be admitted a correspondent in this paper.*

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No. 150. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late years, that our young gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the ladies in all the refinements and delicacies of dress, and are ornamenting the bosoms of their shirts with jewels; I have, for the good of my country, and the emolument of my own sex, been contriving a method of rendering jewels of use, as well as ornament, to the male part of the human species. It was an ancient custom in several of the eastern countries, and is the practice of some few nations at this very day, for women to wear jewels in their noses; but I am

nion, that as affairs now stand, it would not be proper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It must indeed be acknowledged that this custom of ornamenting the nose has no where prevailed but among these heathenish and barbarous nations where the women are kept in constant subjection to their husbands; and therefore I suppose it took its origin from the tyrannical institution of the men, who put a ring in the wife's nose, as an emblem of her subjection. I apprehend also, that the wife, when she was to be *rung*, very wisely made a virtue of necessity, and added jewels to the RING, which served two purposes at once, that of making it costly to the husband, and rendering it ornamental to herself. But as in these politer and more christianized countries, the barbarous institution of obedience of wives to husbands has been entirely laid aside, philosophers have judged it proper to throw off this yoke of their subjection. And as in many instances

our young ladies, and young gentlemen are inclinable to invert the order of nature, and to commend manly airs to the female sex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it adviseable to comply with the just sentiments of the present age, and, as I said before, to transfer this ornamental part of dress from the noses of the ladies to the noses of the men.

I am myself indeed inclinable to carry this institution of the RING a little farther, and would have every man whatsoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-resisting and passively-disposed disposition, to be well *rung*. And for this I would have a particular sort of *nose jewel* invented, and established by public authority, which, being an emblem, or device, that was engraven upon it, would express the kind of subjection to which

the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually choose some one person of distinguished merit, who should be stiled, for the time being, grand master of the most honourable order of the RING.

There was a time, when all the laity of the whole christian world ought to have worn RINGS in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

The gentlemen of the army have sometimes taken it into their heads to ring every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been by the help of these RINGS, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those nose-jewels was, *The Protector*. At present indeed it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing RINGS for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among statesmen, never to employ any person whatsoever who will not bear being rung; and as this very much depends on the shape of the nose, which ought to be of such a disposition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties, to make the knowledge of the human nose a principal object of their study; since it is manifest that many of them have found themselves grievously disappointed, when they have presumed to count noses, without a sufficient investigation of this useful science.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the study of physiognomy, I shall for the good of my country, communicate through the channel of your

er some of those many observations, which I made on that remarkable feature, called the nose: for as this is the most prominent part of the face, it seems to be erected as a sign, on which was to be represented the particular kind of ware that was to be disposed of within doors. Hence it was that amongst the old Romans, very little regard was paid to a man without a nose: not only as there was no judgment to be made of the sentiments of such a person, but as in their public assemblies, when they came to reckon noses, he must of consequence be always omitted out of the account.

Among these ancient Romans the great offices of state were all elective, which obliged them to be very observant of the shape of the noses of those persons to whom they were to apply for votes.

History tells us that the *sharp nose* was looked upon as an indication of satirical wit and humour: for when speaking of his friend Virgil, though he says, *est bonus, ut melior non alius quisquam*, yet he always that he was no joker, and not a fit match at a sneer for those of his companions who had

*upper noses* than his own. *Minus aptus* (says he) *utis NARIBUS horum hominum*. They also looked on the *short nose*, with a little inflection at the end tending upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to *jibing*: for the same author, talking of Mæcenas, says, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn person of low birth into ridicule, which he expresses by saying that he had not a *turn-up nose*. *Nec*

*also suspendis adunco*. Martial, in one of his epigrams, calls this kind of nose the rhinocerotie nose, and says that every one in his time affected this kind of snout, as an indication of his being master of the talent of *humour*. But a good statesman will hardly think it worth his while to spend nose-

*jewels* upon such persons, unless it be to serve as you do swine, when you *ring* them only to them from *rooting*.

The Greeks had a very bad opinion of a *nose*. The remarkable story of Socrates a physiognomist is too well known to be particularly repeated: but I cannot help observing the most particular feature in the face of Socrates his nose, which being very flat, with a little elevation upwards towards the end, caused the physiognomist to pronounce him a drunken, impudent, lustful person; which the philosopher acknowledged to be a true character of him, in his natural

The Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose as so great a blemish in a man's character, that of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat* nose by the express command of Moses an absolute exclusion from the sacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held *long noses* in the highest esteem as the certain indication of a meek and patient temper. Hence it is that in the book of Proverbs the words, which literally signify *he that has a long nose*, are in our English translation, and by interpreters, rendered, *he that is slow to wrath*. The words which signify *he that has a short nose* are always translated, *he that is soon angry, or of a hot spirit*. I shall only remark upon this, that the Welch, who are by no means the *slowest* temper, have generally *short noses*.

The elephant is of all animals the most stupid and servile; and every body knows how remarkable that creature is for the length of his snout. Sometimes it happens that he is not altogether patient of injuries as might be wished. Haughton in his travels to the East-Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat, that was passing with his keeper to his watering place through the streets of t

eing the window open of a taylor's shop, and  
 ing in his trunk in search of provision, re-  
 an affront from the needle of the taylor, as  
 sitting at his work. The story adds, that  
 phant went soberly on to water, and after  
 ing his usual draught, drew up a great quan-  
 mud into his trunk, and returning by the  
 of the taylor, discharged an inundation of  
 is work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky  
 but we ought not to have a worse opinion of  
 ses in general for the sake of one such story,  
 e of which may not probably happen again in  
 e century.

ve many more curious observations to make  
 various kinds of noses, which for fear of ex-  
 g the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve  
 ther opportunity, when I intend to descant  
 ge on the method of *ringing* them: for some  
 re of such untoward and restiff dispositions,  
 ey are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job,  
 hose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our  
 tors render it, but the original word signifies

I am Sir,

*Your most humble servant.*

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151. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

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lately subpœnaed by a card, to a general as-  
 y at lady Townly's, where I went so auk-  
 y early, that I found nobody but the five or  
 ople who had dined there, and who for want  
 ids enough to play, were reduced to the cruel-  
 y of conversing, till something better should

offer. Lady Townly observed with impatience, that people of fashion novelerably late, and in a glut at once, wh lady of the house under great difficu the parties properly. That, no doubt, is to be lamented; and the more so, a give your ladyship some concern: but time, for want of something better to be glad to know the true meaning of you have just made use of, *people of fa* I have never yet had a precise an of it; and I am sure I cannot apply m for information, than to this compar most unquestionably composed of *peop* whatever *people of fashion* may be. It to know the meaning of that term: w who are they, and what constitutes, I said, anoints them, *people of fashion*? tions, instead of receiving immediate casioned a general silence of above a m perhaps was the result of the whole having discovered for the first time, th long and often made use of a term wh never understood: for a little reflection produces those discoveries. Belinda this silence, by saying, one knows well are meant by *people of fashion*, though just know how to describe them: th that one generally lives with; they are certain sort.—They certainly are so, Manly; but the point is, of what so mean by people of a certain sort, you is commonly the meaning of those w of that expression, you are indisput right, as you have all the qualifications at least, ought to constitute and adorn *fashion*. But pray, must all *women of*

accomplishments? If so, the myriads of which I had imagined from what I heard every where, will dwindle into a handful. Having those accomplishments which you allow me, answered Belinda, I still prefer a *woman of fashion*; a character, which I think requires an uncommon share of talent. That is the very point, replied which I want to come at; and therefore leave to question you a little more particularly.

You have some advantages, which even destiny will not allow you to disclaim, such as birth and fortune: do they constitute you a *woman of fashion*? As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair pertly interposed, and said, Neither, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, look for it in that inestimable treasure of knowledge, the peerage of England; or if we should find the very best at the Bank, or in the lawyers' offices. Well then, Bellair, said Manly, have taken upon you to be Belinda's sponsor.

ask you two or three questions, which will more properly answer than She could. Is she a lady? By no means neither, replied Bellair, at that rate, there might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the council-chamber, or with a fat amber necklace in the council-chamber, as yet unheard of and unseen. Is she a woman of wit and good-breeding? continued Bellair, Each contributes, answered Bellair, but would not be sufficient, without a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a something or other that I feel better not to explain. Here Dorimant, who had sat all the while silent, but looked mischievous, said, say something—Ay, and something very good, according to custom, answered Bellair, hold your tongue, I charge you. You



are singularly charitable, Belinda, replied De in being so sure that I was going to be imp only because I was going to speak. Why picion of me? Why! because I know yo an odious, abominable creature, upon all of this kind. This amicable quarrel was pu to by Harriet, who on a sudden, and with h vivacity, cried out, I am sure I have it n can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are just the reverse of your *odd people*. Ver bly, madam, answered Manly, and therefore wish that you would give yourself the tr defining *odd people*; and so by the rule of ries, help us to a true notion of *people of* Ay, that I can very easily do, said Harriet. first place, your *odd people* are those that o lets in, unless one is at home to the whol A little more particular, dear Harriet, inte Manly. So I will, said Harriet, for I hate t 'There are several sorts of them. Your pru instance, who respect and value themselv the unblemished purity of their character rail at the indecency of the times, censure innocent freedoms, and suspect the lord what, if they do but observe a close and whisper between a man and a woman, in a corner of the room. There are, besides, formal, sort of married women, insipid c who lead domestic lives, and who can be m they think, at home, with their own and th band's relations, particularly at Christmas turtles, they are true and tender to their mates, and breed like rabbits, to heggar a petuate their families. These are very *odd* to be sure; but deliver me from your severe gust dowagers, who are the scourges of *p fashion*, by infesting all public places, in c

their spiteful remarks. One meets them where, and they seem to have the secret of lying themselves into ten different places at

Their poor horses, like those of the sun, and the world every day, baiting only at eleven morning, and six in the evening, at their parishes. They speak as movingly of their *late lords*, as if they had ever cared for one; and to do them honour, repeat some of any silly things they used to say. Lastly, are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans and orphans, who live together by twos and threes, rub their stocks for a neat little house, a light-coach, and a foot-boy—And, added Bellair, I every day about the dividend. True, said t, they are not the sweetest-tempered creature in the world; but after all, one must forgive some malignity, in consideration of their discontents. Weil, have I now described *odd* to your satisfaction? Admirably, answered t: and so well, that one can, to a great deal at least, judge of their antipodes, the *people of* t. But still there seems something wanting; t present account, by the rule of contraries, only thus: that *women of fashion* must not for their husbands, must not go to church, must not have unblemished, or at least unsullied reputations. Now, though all these are very commendable qualifications, it must be owned they t negative ones, and consequently there must be positive ones necessary to compleat so le a character. I was going to add, inter- Harriet, which, by the way, was more than gged for, that *people of fashion* were properly who set the fashions, and who gave the *ton* of language, manners, and pleasures to the town. it it, said Manly; but what I want still to

know is, who gave them that power, or did they usurp it? for, by the nature of that power, it does not seem to me to admit of a succession, by hereditary and divine right. Were I allowed to speak said Dorimant, perhaps I could both shorten and clear up this case. But I dare not, unless Belinda to whom I profess implicit obedience, gives me leave. E'en let him speak, Belinda, said Harriet. I know he will abuse us, but we are used to him. Well, say your say then, said Belinda. See what an impertinent sneer he has already. Upon Dorimant, addressing himself more particularly to Belinda, and smiling, said,

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*Then think*  
*That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,*  
*Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.*

O, your servant, sir, said Belinda; that fit of humility will, I am sure, not last long; but however go on. I will, to answer Manly's question, said Dorimant, which by the way, has something the air of a catechism. Who made these *people of fashion*? I give this short and plain answer; they made one another. The men, by their attentions and credit, make the *women of fashion*; and the women, by either their supposed or real favours, make the *men* such. They are mutually necessary to each other. Impertinent enough of all conscience, said Belinda. So without the assistance of you fashionable men, what should we poor women be? Why faith, replied Dorimant, but *odd women* I doubt, as we should be but odd fellows without your friendly aid to fashion us. In one word, a frequent and reciprocal collision of the two sexes is absolutely necessary to give each that high polish which is properly called *fashion*. Mr. Dorimant has, I own, said Manly, opened new and important matter; and

my scattered and confused notions seem now to take some form, and tend to a point. But as examples always best clear up abstruse matters, let us now propose some examples of both sorts, and take the opinions of the company upon them. For instance, I will offer one to your consideration. Is Berynthia a *woman of fashion* or not? The whole company readily, and almost at once, answered, doubtless she is. That may be, said Manly, but why? For she has neither birth nor fortune, and but small remains of beauty. All that is true, I confess, said Belinda; but she is well drest, well bred, good-humoured, and always ready to go with one any where. Might I presume, said Dorimant, to add a title, and perhaps the best to her claims of *fashion*, I should say that she was of Belville's creation, who is the very fountain of honour of that sort. He dignified her by his addresses; and those who have the good fortune to share his reputation — Have, said Belinda, with some warmth, the misfortune to lose their own. I told you, turning to Harriet, what would happen if we allowed him to speak; and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms asserted, that a woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* till she has lost her reputation. Fye, Belinda, how you wrong, replied Dorimant! Lost her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head; I only meant mislaid it. With a very little care she will find it again. There you are in the right, said Bellair; for it is most certain that the reputation of a *woman of fashion* should not be too muddy. True, replied Dorimant, nor too limpid neither; it must not be mere rock-water, cold and clear; it should sparkle a little. Well, said Harriet, now that Berynthia is unanimously voted a *woman of fashion*, what think you of Loveit? Is she, or is she not one? If she is

one, answered Dorimant, I am very much mistaken if it is not of Mirabel's creation.—By *writ*, I believe, said Bellair; for I saw him give her a letter one night at the opera. But she has other good claims too, added Dorimant. Her fortune, though not large, is easy; and nobody fears certain applications from her. She has a small house of her own, which she has fitted up very prettily, and is often *at home*, not to crouds indeed, but to people of the best fashion, from twenty, occasionally down to two; and let me tell you, that nothing makes a woman of Loveit's sort better received abroad, than being often *at home*. I own, said Bellair, that I looked upon her rather as a genteel led-captain, a postscript to *women of fashion*. Perhaps too sometimes the cover, answered Dorimant, and if so, an equal. You may joke as much as you please upon poor Loveit, but she is the best-humoured creature in the world; and I maintain her to be a *woman of fashion*; for, in short, we all roll with her, as the soldiers say. I want to know, said Belinda, what you will determine upon a character very different from the two last, I mean lady Loveless: is she a *woman of fashion*? Dear Belinda, answered Harriet hastily, how could she possibly come into your head? Very naturally, said Belinda; she has birth, beauty and fortune; she is genteel and well-bred. I own it, said Harriet; but still she is handsome without meaning, well shaped without air, genteel without graces, and well drest without taste. She is such an insipid creature, she seldom comes about, but lives at home with her lord, and so domesticly tame, that she eats out of his hand, and teaches her young ones to peck out of her own. Odd, very odd, take my word for it. Ay, mere rock-water, said Dorimant, and, as I told you an hour ago, that will not do. No, most certainly, added

r, all that reserve, simplicity, and coldness ever do. It seems to me rather that the true position of *people of fashion*, like that of Venice, consists of an infinite number of fine incidents, but all of the warm kind. Truce with filthy treacle, said Harriet; and since the condition has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor men, I think we have a right to insist upon the position of you *men of fashion*. No doubt on't, Dorimant; nothing is more just, and nothing easier. Allowing some small difference for dress and habits, the *men* and the *women of fashion* are truth the counter parts of each other; they tally, are made of the same wood, and are fit for one another. As Dorimant was going probably to illustrate his assertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed in a solemn manner the arrival of the dutchess dowager of Mattadore, and her daughters, who were immediately followed by Lord Formal, sir Peter Plausible, and divers persons of both sexes, and of equal importance. Lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, to the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with flams, hoists, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other rational demonstrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, with my head full of that most extraordinary conversation which I had just heard, which, from having taken no part in it, I had deduced the more, and retained the better. I went straight home, and immediately reduced it to writing, as I here offer it for the present edification of my readers. But as it has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and compleat

system of ethics, founded upon these principles of *people of fashion*; as in my opinion, they are better calculated, than any others, for the use and instruction of all private families.

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No. 152. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1755.

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*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRET.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OXFORD, Nov. 11th, 1755.

I HAVE, for a long time past, had a strong inclination upon me to become one of your correspondents; but from the habits contracted from this place of my education and residence, I have felt a certain timidity in my constitution, which has hitherto restrained me (pardon the expression) from venturing into the world. However, when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her sister Cambridge, has always been distinguished with the title of one of the eyes of England, I cannot suppose that you will pay so little respect to so valuable a part of the microcosm, as to reject my letter with disdain, merely because it comes dated to you from this ancient seat of learning; especially as I assure you, you shall see nothing in it that shall savour at all of that narrow and unsociable spirit, which was heretofore the characteristic of the productions of the college.

o, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning itself be my  
 ct, I will not treat of it in a manner that shall  
 st the politest of your readers; and though I  
 : from a place, which, within the memory of  
 r now living, enjoyed in some sort the mono-  
 of it, yet I will not lament the loss of that pri-  
 e, but am, with Moses, thoroughly contented  
 all the Lord's people should be prophets.

leed, the main business I am upon is to con-  
 late the great world on that diffusion of science  
 iterature, which, for some years, has been  
 ding itself abroad upon the face of it. A re-  
 on this, in the kingdom of learning, which has  
 luced the levelling principle, with much better  
 ss than ever it met with in politics. The old  
 s have been happily broken down, the trade  
 een laid open, and the old repositories, or  
 ouses, are now no longer necessary or useful,  
 ie purpose of managing or conducting it.

have had their day; and very good custom  
 ncouragment they had, while that day lasted;  
 rely our sons, or, at farthest, our grand-sons,  
 e much surprised, when they are told for what  
 ses they were built and endowed by our an-  
 t, and at how vast an expence the journey-  
 ind factors, belonging to them, were main-  
 by the public, merely to supply us with what  
 ow be had from every coffee-house, and Ro-  
 od assembly. In short, it has fared with  
 ig, as with our pine-apples. At their first in-  
 tion amongst us, the manner of raising them  
 very great secret, and little less than a mys-  
 The expences of compost, hot-houses, and  
 ance, were prodigious; and at last, at a great  
 they were introduced to the tables of a few of  
 ility and gentry. But how common are they  
 of late! Every garden<sup>er</sup>, that used to pride



himself in an early cucumber, can now raise a pine apple; and one need not despair of seeing the sold at six a penny in Covent-Garden, and become the common treat of taylors and hackney-coachmen.

The university of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general dissemination of learning and knowledge. The students that ample body, as they are less straitened by rules and statutes, have been much more communicative than those of other learned societies. It seems indeed to be their established principle to let nothing stay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the several courses of their studies, they immediately give up again for the service of the public. Hence that profusion of historians, politicians, and philosophers, with whose works we are daily amused and instructed. I am told, there is not a bookseller within a mile of Temple-Bar, who has not one or two of these authors constantly in his pay, who is ready, at the word of command, to write a book any size, upon any subject. And yet I never heard that any of these gentlemen ever drank, in a regular manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that spring, by the streams of Cam and Isis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or the private treatise, which has thus abounded with learning and science; but our loose papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occasional, are, for the bulk, equally profuse of instruction. Monthly gazettes, which, some years since, were nothing more than collections to amuse and entertain, now become the magazines of universal knowledge. Astronomy, history, mathematics, antiquities, the whole mystery of inscriptions and medals, is now to be had, fresh and fresh, at the most easy rate.

from the repositories of any of these general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern student, to have his mess of learning thus carved out for him, at proper seasons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his stomach, or be too expensive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapness and utility, is this method of study, to that of proposing a whole system to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praise and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and suiting it to the capacities and circumstances of all his Majesty's subjects; and shall not that self-taught philosopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the sciences, come in for some share of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told, for indeed the objection is obvious enough, that since the streams of learning have been thus generally diffusive, they have, in consequence of that diffusion, been proportionably shallow. Now, notwithstanding the prejudice which may still prevail with a few grave and solemn mortals, against the shallowness of our modern learning, I should be glad to know what good purpose was ever served by all that profundity of science, which they and our ancestors seem so fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a share of it, waded out of their depths, and became a sacrifice to their own useless ambition. On the contrary, no one that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his senses drowned, in the philosophy of a magazine, or the critique of a news-paper. And thus the stream, which lay useless when confined within its banks, or was often

dangerous to those who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the smaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence Mr. Fitz-Adam, have risen those exuberant crop of readers as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had therefore something very solemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of severity, moroseness, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the case at present. The very deepest of our learning may be read, if not understood, by the men of dress and fashion; and the ladies themselves may converse with the abstrusest of our philosophy with great ease, and much to their instruction.

To say the truth, the men of this generation have discovered that what their fathers called solid learning, is a useless and cumbersome accomplishment, incommensurable to the man who is possessed of it, and disgusting to all who approach him. Something, however, of the sort, that sits light and easy upon us, we are willing to attain to: but surely, for this, there is no need of going to the expence of massy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacker will answer the purpose full as well and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on some happy symptoms I have lately observed, from whence it should appear that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain some footing amongst us. The disadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and establishments, are, it is true, very great; the general inclination, I own, is still against it; and the prejudices of our governors are, perhaps as deep and as

solid as ever: but yet, I think, we have a set of young gentlemen now rising, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a new spirit to the discipline and studies of the universities. I am assured,

re you, that the sciences, which have been neglected, have advanced so far, as to make the universities the chief and only places of application to the sciences.

The professors of your London universities are here taken in, as we call it, by superstitious and, by this means, the common learning of the age may be divided into at the small price of two or three billings by the year. Thus the expenses of university education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by those harpies, the booksellers.

I can see but one reason to suspect the probability of their not gaining a sure and certain settlement amongst us; and that is, the great shyness which is observed in all these gentlemanly students, with regard to the old-fashioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are, hitherto, secured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very safely enter into the competitions at college elections, where these are always retained against them, but who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themselves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dress, and other accomplishments. I could even now point out some of these, who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metastasio, than with those of Homer and Horace: and know more of Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of those two philosophers. But I shall say no more at present, for fear of tiring you.

that interest, which is the *sincere* purpose of this letter to improve and advance.

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

NEO-ACADEMICUS.

No. 153. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

HAVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence, and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early on the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no taste) is not yet defaced with improvement. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding stream, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, given by the sun-shine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect: and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the noise of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the chirping of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and I shook the hand, by my old friend, whom I am

n for many years, except once, when he was to town by a prosecution in the King's-

for misunderstanding the sense of an act of ment, which, on examination, was found to be se. He is an honest gentleman of a middle

hale constitution, good natural parts, and int spirits, a keen sportsman, an active ma- e and a tolerable farmer, not without some on of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his t in a neighbouring borough; so that be- his pursuits of game, of justice, and popula- esides the management of a large quantity of which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms amusement, every moment of his time is suf- ly employed. His wife is an agreeable wo- of about the same age, and has been hand-

but though years have somewhat impaired arms, they have not in the least her relish pany, cards, balls, and all manner of public ons.

my arrival I was first conducted into the ast room, which, with some surprize, I saw illed with genteel persons of both sexes, in ille, with their hair in papers; the cause of

I was quickly informed of, by the many apo- of my lady for the meanness of the apart-

e was obliged to allot me, 'By reason the w so crowded with company during the f their races, which, she said, began that very r the whole week, and for which they were liately preparing.' I was instantly attacked

present with one voice, or rather with many at the same time, to accompany them thi- to which I made no opposition, thinking it be attended with more trouble than the ex- in itself.

oon as the ladies and the equipages were ready,

very evening : which I did with much satisfaction and made all possible haste, in search of siler sohtude, to my lodgings next door to a bras Charing-cross.

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No. 154. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11,

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STEPPING into a coffee-house in the Stra other day, I saw a set of young fellows la very heartily over an old sessions-paper. T vity of my appearance would not permit me t any inquiry about what they were reading : fore waited with some impatience for their ture, and as soon as they were gone, took paper as it lay open, and found the subject c mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of tecn, for robbing a servant-maid of her po St. Paul's church-yard. The evidence of tl was in the following words :

‘ And please you, my lord, I had been v other maid-servant at Drury-lane play-hous the Country-wife. A baddish sort of a pla sure it turned out ; and I wish it did not p wicked thoughts into the head of my fellow-s for she gave me the slip in the play-house j and did not come home all night. So wal alone by myself through St. Paul's church-y prisoner overtook me, and would needs hav of me. Oho! young spark, thought I to my have all been at the play, I believe ; but will content you, why e'en take it, and g your business ; for you shall have nothing me, I promise you. This I said to myself, r while the young man was kissing me ; but, r

on to be quite audacious : so I stood stock-still against the wall, without so much as speaking a word. But I had a mind to see how far his impudence would carry him. But all at once, and please you, without my thinking of no such thing, crack went the set-strings, and away ran the young man with the pockets in his hand. And then I thought it was time to cry out : so I roared out murder and thief, till the watchman took hold of him, and carried us both before the constable. And you see, my lord, I was never in such a flurry in my life, for who would have thought of any such thing in so good-looking a young man ? So I went back-still, as I told you before, without so much as stirring a finger ; for as he was so young and so good-looking, I had a great curiosity to see how far his impudence would carry him.

Extreme honesty of this evidence pleased me a little : and I could not help thinking that it might afford a very excellent lesson to those of our readers, who are sometimes too indulgent to their curiosity upon occasions where it would be better to suppress it, and for holding their tongues when they should be most ready to cry out.

A female in genteel life, has, I believe, the same curiosity with this poor girl, coming off so well, though the thief has since been brought to the Old Bailey for the robbery he has committed : indeed, the watchmen are so much asleep that should seize upon such thieves, that they will be now-and-then a husband or a father ; and the plunder is never to be restored. . . . For the truth, the great destroyer of female virtue is curiosity. It was the frailty of our first mother, and has descended in a double portion to every individual of her daughters. There



are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair country-women against : one is the curiosity above-mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him ; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own strength, and how far they may suffer themselves to be tempted, and retreat with honour. I would also advise them to guard their pockets, as well as their persons, against the treachery of men : for in this age of play, it may be an undetermined point whether their designs are most upon a lady's purse or her honour ; nor indeed is it easy to say, when the attack is made upon the purse, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It used formerly to be the practice, when a man had designs upon the virtue of a woman, to insinuate himself into her good graces by taking every opportunity of losing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice ; and the way now to make sure of a woman, is to strip her of her money, and run her deeply in debt : for losses at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no possibility of appearing in company ; and of what value is a lady's virtue, if she is always to stay at home with it ?

A very gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill-fortune at piquet. He told me that he had a very narrow miss of completely undressing one of the finest women about St. James's, but that unfortunate repique had disappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it seems, had played with him at her own house, till all her ready money was gone ; and upon his refusing to proceed with her upon credit, she consented to his setting a small sum against her cap, which he won and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief ; but that, staking both

up and handkerchief, and all his winnings, against her tucker, he was most cruelly repiqued when he wanted but two points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dressed as he found her.

This was indeed a very critical turn of fortune for the lady : for if she had gone on losing from top to bottom, what the last stake might have been, I almost tremble to think. I am apprehensive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pick-pocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himself with running off with her clothes : and besides, what modest woman, in such a situation, would object to any concessions, by which she might have recovered her clothes, and put herself into a condition to be seen ?

Since my friend's telling me this story, I have been led into two or three mistakes in walking through the streets and squares of the politer part of this metropolis : for as I am naturally short-sighted, I have mistaken a well-dressed woman'saylor, whom I have seen coming out of a genteel house with a bundle under his arm for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to strip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried, no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken it up in time, and put a stop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof against the temptations of play, will either keep away from masquerades and ridottos, or lock up his purse in his escrivore. But as, among the ladies, staying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them. Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers are rarely

paying my last duties to so worthy a man, I was apprehensive too, lest some sharper might be before-hand with me, and run the job. I therefore whipt on my black white perriwig, as fast as I could, to the disconsolate widow. I rung gently at the door, for fear of disturbing her; and to the foot opened it, delivered my duty and condolence, and begged, if she was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour of Mr. Deputy.

The servant gaped and stared, and from the concern he was under for the loss of his master (I apprehended) was rendered so stupid, he seemed not readily to understand what I said. I therefore I could new-frame my message, to the best possible, into more intelligible words, I seized with the utmost horror and confusion, seeing the apparition of the deceased : I opened the compting-house, which opened into the parlour, where I stood. I observed a redness in his face, more than was usual in *dead people*; he seemed more than he himself was wont to be when he was alive : and there was a sternness in his features, beyond what I had ever seen before. Strait a voice more dreadful than I could have burst out, and in the language of hell, cursing, calling me a thousand names, and saying, that he would teach me to play tricks with the dead, he dealt me half a score such substantial blows, that presently convinced me they could proceed from no ghost. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myself into the same snare I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, sir, the wantonness of the news-merchant appointed me of furnishing out a funeral for the man of my dues as clerk, got me well thi

to attend her sick husband to Bath, recount of his death in the papers. What shriekings, what tears, what inexpressible afflictions the poor relict! And when she has in half a week, as much as any reasonable person would do in a whole year, and (having left a legacy of sorrow to his memory in the which by the courtesy of England she mistaken a twelvemonth for) begins to think of her husband, home comes the *old one*, and talk of the virtues of Bath-water. While satisfaction the news-writers give this afflicted poor lady, is, 'The death of A mentioned in these papers last week, prove take.'

I know but one instance where any regular parish-clerks has been had, or our interest least taken care of in these temporary and occasional deaths; and that was a gentleman of rank, generally reported and allowed for dead. At law, not caring to bury the real body, for best known to themselves, (though one reason might be because it was alive) yet of the reasonableness that a funeral should demise, dug up a poor drowned sailor out on the shore, into which he had been tumbled with great solemnity interred the departed by proxy. There was justice in this; even had his due. It was acting with the wisdom of old Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may serve as an answer to such (if any such there are) who modern prejudices object to the funerals of not really dead. Our doctor told us in one of his sermons upon regeneration, that among the Athenians, if one who was living were reported dead, and funeral obsequies performed for

(which plainly implies their custom of celebrating funerals for persons who were dead in their newspapers, though they were not so in reality)—if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a prophane and unlucky person, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name, though I think the doctor called him Harry Stonehouse\*, or something like it) consulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new christened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the established method of receiving such persons into community again.

And here in England before the reformation, as I am informed, it was usual when a rich person died, to celebrate yearly and daily masses, obits, and commemorations for him; so that one who died but once, should be as good as buried a thousand times over: but among us it is just the reverse; a man may die here a thousand times, and be buried but once.

However, I hate popery, and would not wish the restoration of it: yet as I hope a christian country will not come behind-hand with a heathen one in wisdom and justice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before mentioned, and petition the WORLD immediately to pass it into a fashion, and ordain that hereafter, every man living, who has been killed in the news-papers, shall account to the clerk of the parish where such decease is reported to have happened; or, if no place is specified, to the clerk of the parish where the person has resided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee: and also before he is ad-

tise any of those virtues. To speak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what class to place them and under what denomination they ought to pass. Were I to decide, I should at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world and place them among the beings of still-life; for they seem too much under the standard of their species to be allowed to rank with the rest of mankind. To be serious, is it not strange that their heads and hearts should be impenetrable to all the passions that affect the rest of the world; nay, even more so than age itself, whose feelings Time with his icy hand has chilled, and almost extinguished and yet age with all its infirmities is more quick more alive and susceptible of the finer passions, than these sons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my side in the pit the other night, gave me an instance of the truth of this assertion. She did justice both to the poet and the actors, and bestowed her applause plentifully, though never but where it was due. At the same time I saw several of these inanimate bodies sitting as unconcerned, as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was said upon the stage.

It is a proverbial expression (though perhaps little injurious) to call an insipid and senseless person of the male sex an *old woman*. For my part was so charmed with mine, that I will make no disrespectful comparisons: but yet, sir, how contemptible must these triflers be, who can be out-done by toothless old woman, in quickness, spirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then that agreeable and sensible matron, I will not like these *insensibles* to those grave personages; but yet I cannot forbear thinking that they approach ve-

ar to what is most like old women, *old men*; and at they resemble the picture of those crazy beings the last stage of life, as drawn by that inimitable inter of human nature, Shakspeare: for these young men, like his old men, are *sans eyes, sans ears, taste, sans every thing*.

I am, SIR,  
Your faithful,  
humble servant,  
PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verses underneath upon the same subject as the letter, I venture to tack to it (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth) and if you think either both deserving any notice, you may present them th my service to the gentle reader.

#### The I N S E N S I B L E.

*While crowded theatres attentive sit,  
And loud applauses echo through the pit,  
Unconscious of the cunning of the scene,  
Sits smiling FLORIO with insipid mien.  
Fix'd like a standing lake, in dull repose,  
No grief, no joy, his GENTLE bosom knows;  
NATURE and GARRICK no attention gain,  
And hapless WIT darts all her stings in vain;  
Thus on the Alps eternal frosts appear,  
Which mock the changes of the various year;  
Intensest suns unheeded roll away,  
"And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play."*

imagine nothing could make them quit their tea and looking-glass. And yet, sir, no public place is free from them ; though, as far as I can judge, the opera-house is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, I must inform you, that I have studied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole composition to consist of two ingredients only ; these are *self-admiration* and *idleness* ; and to these two causes operating jointly and separately, all their actions must be referred. It is, that they are always to be found in those places, where they go, not to *see*, but to be *seen* ; not to *hear*, but to be *heard*. Hence it is that they are so devoted to the opera ; and here indeed they are to be peculiarly directed by that power called *instinct* ; which always prompts every creature to pursue what is best and fittest for it. Now, the opera is to them, if I may use the expression, a very necessary mother, which feeds them with the pap of its soft nonsense, and lulls and rocks them to their desired repose. This is indeed their proper element, and as if inspired by the genius of the place, sometimes seen them brighten up and appear with an air of joy and satisfaction.

The mind, as well as the stomach, must have been fitted and prepared to its taste and humour, or it will reject and loath it : now the opera is so well cooked, and knows so well to please the palates of her guests, that it is wonderful to see with what appetite they devour whatever she sets before them ; nay, so great is their partiality, that the same dish dressed by another hand shall have no relish to them, minced and frittered by this their favourite, so delicious. The plain beef and mustard of the country (though served up by very good cooks) is to their stomachs, while the maccaroni of *Rolli* is to their opinion, a dish fit for the gods. Thus



Cæsar, killed by the conspirators, never touches them : but *Julio Cesare*, killing himself, and singing and stabbing, and stabbing and singing, till swan-like, he expires, is *caro caro*, and *divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Afric, is with them a mighty silly fellow ; but *Shippione* is a charming creature. It is evident then, that the food must be suited to the taste, as the taste to the food ; and as the waters of a certain fountain of Thessaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition, find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it. Thus their insensibility appears as well in what they like, as in what they reject ; and like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places : for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a *mind not to be changed by time or place*. However, as a play is the very touchstone of the passions, the neutrality which they so strictly observe, is no where so conspicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be seen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, sitting as calm and serene, as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converse with.

Upon considering their character and temper, as far as they can be guessed at by their actions, and observing the apathy in which they seem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think, that they might be a sect of philosophers, who had adopted the maxims of the stoics of old ; but when I recollected that a thirst after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions were the characteristics of those sages, I soon perceived my mistake ; for I cannot say that I ever found that these philosophers prac-



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